HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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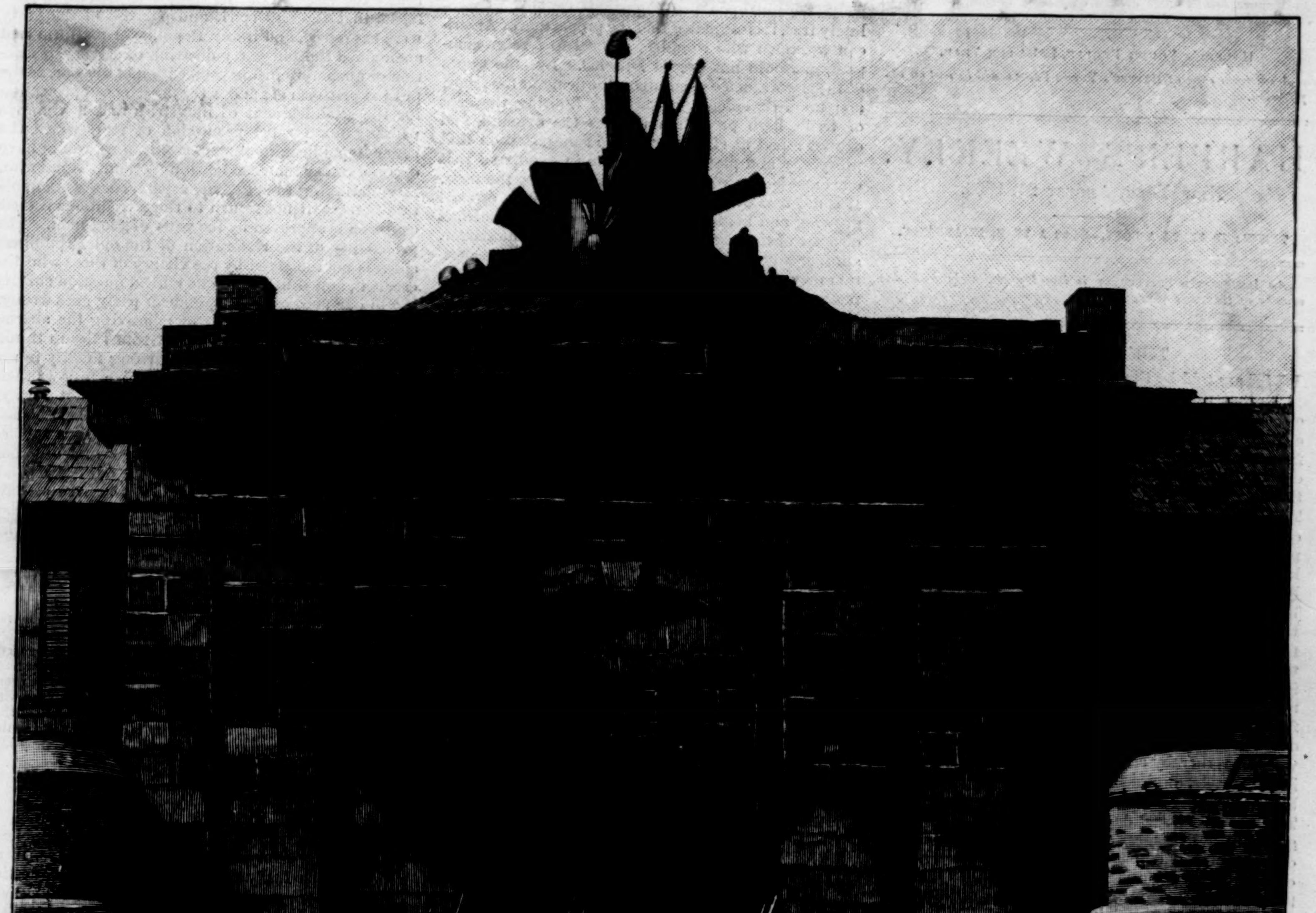
R. F. Zogbaum '88.

THE MARCH OUT OF THE BATTALION FROM THE SALLY-PORT OF FORT COLUMBUS, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 631.]

"Harper's Young People is one of the nicest and best weekly illustrated journals for children ever published. It is sound and clean, contains no demoralizing sensationalism, but is alike interesting, instructive, healthful, and improving."—*Standard, Bridgeport, Connecticut.*

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This is followed by the first of an illustrated series of articles by Agnes Carr Sage, *entitled "Boyhood in Other Lands."*

John Preston True *contributes a charming story, entitled "Paying the Piper"; liberal instalments of both the serials now running, "Uncle Peter's Trust," by* George B. Perry, *and "Chrystal, Jack, & Co.," by* Kirk Munroe, *are given. There is an admirable full-page illustration by* J. G. Brown, *and another by* Miss Jessie McDermott, *besides short articles of general interest, poems, and comics.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, August 25, 1888.

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An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE QUESTION.

WE are told by the leader of the Republican party that the great and paramount question of the election is, "Whether the great mass of American citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their face shall seriously reduce their emolument from day to day," and he says they can prevent the reduction by voting to maintain the present war tariff. This implies, of course, that such citizens are especially benefited by the tariff. But Mr. Foster, the president of the Republican Club, says that an unknown Republican Senator speaks strong and bitter but true words in declaring that it is not the factory hands, but the factory owners, who get practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws, and that they, not the workmen, make large fortunes every year when times are prosperous. The question of the campaign is not the reduction of wages. It is a question of taxation. Why should an enormous tax, not needful for the expenses of the government or for the encouragement of industries, be levied upon American workmen, thereby crippling our manufactures, limiting our trade, diminishing the demand for labor, and benefiting only a very small class of employers? There are 7,000,000 American workmen actively engaged in agricultural pursuits alone. The number of those engaged in pursuits which bring them into competition with foreigners is something more than 900,000, while the whole number of workmen engaged in pursuits which do not so compete is estimated to be nearly 17,000,000. These all pay taxes directly or indirectly. They pay the duty upon foreign products if they use them, and upon protected domestic products, in the form of a higher price. If these figures are accurate, and they are the figures of the most eminent and capable statisticians in the country, it is plain that the emoluments of the great mass of American citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their face are not threatened by a reduction of the tariff. On the contrary, it will give them their tools and the necessaries of life more cheaply, and increase their chances of employment.

What is the argument, then, by which they are urged to vote to maintain a war tariff in a time of peace? It is twofold. It is alleged that the prosperity of the country is due to the tariff, and that even if the farmers, who are about half of "the labor" of the country, are not protected, yet protection creates a home market by diversifying and diffusing manufacturing industries. Is this a satisfactory reply? Does protection raise the price of wheat? Does the farmer get more for it in the home market than from the Liverpool shipper, or from the manufacturer than from the grain merchant? No; the farmer receives the Liverpool price less the freight, and he pays more for freight because of the increased cost of the railways, due to the enormous duty on iron and steel rails. Meanwhile he is taxed for his clothing, for every farming tool, and all household tinware and stores. Is the burden relieved by the duty on wool? But wool is not a thirtieth part of farm products, and the duty does not help the wool grower, because the wool manufacturer must mix foreign with the domestic wool, and the duty on the foreign wool is so high that he cannot pay a good price for the domestic growth. The tariff of 1857 made wool under twenty cents a pound free. The price of domestic wool immediately rose, and in 1859 it was as high as it has ever been, and the Massachusetts and Rhode Island manufacturers were never so prosperous. The tariff of 1867 was designed to encourage wool growing and to foster wool manufacturing. Immediately upon its passage the number of sheep in the great wool-producing States began to decline, and after ten years of protection there were fewer sheep in the whole Union than when the protective tariff was adopted. We must not, however, make the mistake which is constantly made by high protectionists, and attribute the decline solely to the tariff. But obviously the high tariff did not encourage the growth of wool nor insure high prices for it, since after the passage of that tariff sheep were slaughtered, the wool product decreased, and prices did not rise until the supply was short. Moreover, when the price rose in 1871, the tariff was unable to maintain it.

The assertion that the question before the country is that of the general reduction of wages is very wide of the mark, because it is a pure assumption that wages depend upon protection. If trade were absolutely free, it is estimated that the proportion of American workmen who would be subject to foreign competition would not exceed 7 in 100. But the wages of these workmen depend upon the demand for labor, and upon its efficiency, while, by limiting the area of trade, high protection reduces the demand, and cannot affect its efficiency. The generalization that prosperity and protection go hand in hand, and that our experience proves it, must be tested by the facts. It is not true of one important business—that of wool growing and manufacture; and one such signal fact disposes of the whole allegation. There is, moreover, another way of looking at the question. High protection may enable a manufacturer in a protected branch to draw a million of dollars as his profit upon a year's business. But if the workman's wages are reduced at the same time, although in a certain sense the business may be called prosperous, it is not a prosperity which interests the working-man. No rhetoric can conceal the fact that a tariff is a tax, and a perfectly justifiable tax for the rightful purposes of taxation. But the instant those purposes are deserted the whole proceeding becomes suspicious, and its benefit for the entire community can be determined not by sweeping allegations, but by strict and detailed scrutiny. The logic of the present Republican position is that the higher the protection the greater the prosperity. General Garfield, who was as close a student of the subject as any Republican leader now living, said, in 1870, "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade." He did not mean that tariff taxation should be abolished, but that its proceeds should be applied to the legitimate purpose of all taxation—the expenses of the government.

FREE WHISKEY.

A correspondent asks whether it is not a deliberate and malicious falsehood to stigmatize the Republican platform as proposing free whiskey. The answer lies in the platform itself, which says:

> "The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our laborer, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government, we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system at the joint behest of the whiskey trusts and the agents of foreign manufacturers."

The last words are for buncombe. The declaration is that the national taxes on whiskey should be repealed rather than that any protective taxes upon the most necessary articles should be diminished. The platform does not propose free whiskey as an independent measure. But if, after freeing tobacco and increasing duties to check the importation of articles which are produced here, the revenue should still exceed the wants of the government, then the whiskey tax should be repealed. This is the way in which the matter has been generally stated. It is with a clear understanding of the purport of the platform that Dr. Cuyler declines to support it, and that Dr. Storrs, although supporting, protests. It is the same understanding which has startled many of the strongest Republicans who are much more interested in the temperance question than in the tariff. The declaration is an illustration of the decadence of the party whose just boast was that it was a party of moral ideas.

Our correspondent, who thinks that it is a malicious falsehood to charge the Republican party with favoring free whiskey, should first understand the charge as made, and then meditate the words of Dr. Storrs, who still proposes to support the Republican nominations:

> "I believe still that the tax on whiskey hampers its manufacture, discourages and measurably limits its use. It is, at any rate, a kind of national protest against the unchecked consumption of the dangerous article; and for moral reasons, as well as economical, I desire to have it maintained and unsparingly collected. To represent the best sentiment of the Republican party, the platform, it seems to me, should on this question have faced exactly the other way; while to it should have been added, not a general commonplace sentence, to which everybody outside a jail or an asylum must say Amen, but a hearty, unequivocal endorsement of the efforts made in many States, and made chiefly by Republicans, to limit the sale of intoxicants by imposing high license fees on those engaged in the business. This is the one ethical question surviving in our politics, and presenting itself in the present 'campaign.' The answer to it should not be theoretic, in the clouds, but prompt, practical, and governing, on the line of salutary social regulation; and it is an occasion of profound regret that the party which faced slavery and fought it to the death, and which rescued the nation from the bottomless bog of irredeemable currency, should have failed to see and to seize the great opportunity to do here an analogous work. The late Convention appears to me to have been on this subject distinctly untrue to the best and noblest traditions of the party, and to have quite disregarded that force called Conscience, which was wont to be its most effective and persistent ally."

Dr. Storrs will act with the Republican party despite this infidelity to its noblest traditions, because he believes the party to be wiser, sounder, and more courageous than its platform, both upon this subject and upon that of tariff reform. But in the old days before the war and during the war it was in its platforms that the best spirit and purpose of the party were expressed, and if any Republican platform had abandoned the old party doctrine of slavery restriction or uncompromising prosecution of the war, as the present platform abandons the doctrines of protection for the establishment of industries and a vigorous whiskey tax for the promotion of temperance, the better Republican instinct, it seems to us, would have opposed rather than condoned its action. Those who, in undertaking to speak for a party, desert its noble traditions, will not return to those traditions if their desertion is approved by the votes of good men. The probability of the restoration of the old Republican spirit is not increased by the victory of those who discredit it, and if upon the one ethical question surviving in our politics the Republican party goes wrong, it will hardly be put right by approving the aberration. Our difference with Dr. Storrs lies in thinking that the only chance of returning fidelity to noble traditions lies in the defeat which follows their desertion. Yet that even defeat does not always avail to this result is shown by the fact that the Republican defeat of '84 has been followed by a further decline in '88, which alienates earnest and unselfish Republicans who adhered in '84. If our correspondent thinks that whiskey would not be free because it could be still taxed by the States, he must remember how Mr. Blaine disposed of that argument in his Paris interview:

> "I would not advise the repeal of the whiskey tax. Other considerations than those of financial administration are to be taken into account with regard to whiskey. There is a moral side to it. To cheapen the price of whiskey is to increase its consumption enormously. There would be no sense in urging the reform wrought by high license in many States if the national government neutralizes the good effect by making whiskey within reach of every one at twenty cents a gallon. Whiskey would be everywhere distilled if the surveillance of the government were withdrawn by the remission of the tax, and illicit sales could not then be prevented even by a policy as rigorous and searching as that with which Russia pursues the Nihilists. It would destroy high license at once in all the States."

"CRUSHED OUT."

Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, the Republican leader in the House of Representatives, says, in an article in the *Independent*, alluding to the question of the campaign, "Patronage and post-offices have crushed out the Congressmen, and the question has now been adjourned to that tribunal which is too great for spoils to debauch—the whole people of America." This is what may be called a campaign stroke. It is the insinuation that the Mills bill was not really approved by the majority of the House which passed it, but that the Executive sought to procure its passage by patronage. If this were a fact every Republican Executive is open to the same imputation, for the patronage was never more absolutely controlled for party purposes than by the Republicans. So deep was the degradation that even Garfield could ask of Jay Hubbell, "How are the departments doing?" There is no proof whatever, so far as we know, and Mr. Reed produces none, that President Cleveland used the patronage to bribe Representatives in Congress to vote for the Mills bill. But if he did so, he did it undoubtedly in the same way which President Garfield suggested in his letter of acceptance, namely, by advising, in making appointments, with those who know—that is, giving appointments to members of Congress.

This is one of the specious and deadly abuses of the system, and it is quite as common with Republican as Democratic appointing officers. But if in this instance it be true, as alleged by the Republican leader of the House, that the use of patronage has procured the passage of so important a measure as the Mills bill, the dangerous power of the Executive has received another startling illustration, and the question of civil service reform becomes very much more pressing than that of tariff taxation. If the representatives of the people are bribed by the President with appointments to the post and other offices to vote against the will of their constituents, the radical danger to popular government from the spoils system, which the reform movement has always pointed out, is again proved to exist, and demands a prompt remedy. The moral weight of a measure like the Mills bill lies in the fact that it is the view of a majority of the people expressed through their immediate representatives. If this is not the fact, and the representatives have been bribed by the President—for this is the only way in which their opposition could have been "crushed out," to use Mr. Reed's phrase—the same situation will exist even if Mr. Reed's party should secure control of the administration, and a Republican House will be equally open to the accusation of being "crushed out" by a Republican President.

While the power of the patronage is constantly increasing by the necessary increase of numbers in public offices and employments, the opportunity of the enormous abuse which Mr. Reed assumes in this instance is multiplied. It tends to make legislation depend upon a bargain between the Executive and legislators. With the veto in one hand and patronage in the other, the President is invested with a power of which the fathers were sorely jealous, and which they sought to curb by associating the Senate with the Executive in completing appointments. They did not perceive or apprehend adequately the result of patronage upon legislation. Still less did they foresee that its abuse would be justified, and that it would be held to be only a proper exercise of power that the President should influence—that is to say, bribe—members of Congress. How far this abuse has proceeded, and how dangerous it is, can be seen in nothing more plainly than the half-careless and rhetorical remark of Mr. Reed, as if it were a matter of course, to which everybody would assent at once, that "patronage and post-offices have crushed out the Congressmen," to pass what Mr. Reed regards as a fatal bill, and that the sole hope of retrieving the disaster lies in an appeal to the people whom they have betrayed.

SETTING THE TUNE.

It would be very hard for Mr. Blaine or for any one to add anything really new to the pending discussion upon the tariff. The value of his remarks in New York lies in the fact that he is the acknowledged chief of his party, and that he "sets the tune" for its campaign oratory. It is the tone of his remarks quite as much as their substance which is significant, and by a secret sympathy Mr. Bartlett, in his address of welcome upon the *Starin*, forecast that tone in one important point. Mr. Bartlett compared the present discussion upon the wiser method of reducing the revenue to the controversy of the civil war. "For a second time," he said, "our foes are those of our own household." He added that when the armed hosts of treason sought to overthrow the government, the Republican party saved the country; and now the solid South, encouraged, as in the civil war, by the sympathy of England, is trying to pauperize American laborers, and once more the Republican party stands forth as the national savior. In this great emergency, says Mr. Bartlett to Mr. Blaine, the country and American labor turn to you as their leading champion. Mr. Blaine responded in the same strain. He said that the question of the campaign was one of the reduction of wages, and that the proposition of reduction comes from "an American Congress and an American President who are governed by that element which sought to destroy this nation."

This, of course, is not argument. It is an appeal to the old war feeling. It is a plea that Mr. Cleveland should be defeated because he is supported by ex-rebels. Now if there be any validity or propriety in such a plea, it is because ex-rebels are dangerous to the government, and whatever they may support should be opposed, for the reason that they are still substantially public enemies as well as ex-rebels. But if the party of administration is to be opposed not because of the character of its policy, but because it is dangerous, how does it chance that it is permitted to take part in the election? Because the Republican party—and, as we think, most wisely—favored a general political restoration. But when that party decided that ex-rebels, upon certain conditions which it imposed, should resume their perfect equality as loyal citizens, it practically conceded that they were not dangerous, and that their votes and arguments were to be judged upon their merits, and not with reference to the rebellion. If the suggestions of the President's message are held to be injurious to the national welfare because they are sustained by ex-rebels, the paramount interest of the election is not that of revenue reduction, but the fact that enemies of the government are endeavoring to obtain control of administration.

But the total folly of this assumption appears in the fact that they have already control of the Executive and of the popular branch of Congress, and have held it for nearly four years, and have so held it that the strongest reason for anticipating the President's re-election lies in the general satisfaction with his administration, and the profound conviction that the national welfare is not imperilled by it.

This effort, which Mr. Blaine suggests, to prejudice the public mind against tariff reform as a device of the old spirit and purpose of rebellion, is baffled by the instinctive good sense of the country. It is a desperate endeavor to discredit all national legislation which is supported by representatives from the Southern States as probably designed for vengeance upon the country. It ends the tariff debate at once; for if tariff reform is to be resisted because it is suggested by that element which tried to destroy this nation, and is still inimical to it, its discussion upon the ground of comparative economical advantage is useless. It comes from the Greeks, and for that reason it is to be rejected. In Mr. Blaine's speech after his defeat in the last campaign he asserted substantially that the whites of the Southern States are enemies of the government. The implication of his first speech in this campaign is to the same effect. But during the term of the Democratic Administration, which he thought would prove so disastrous to the colored citizens, their condition has certainly not deteriorated, and their rights have not been more endangered than under Republican administrations. His attempt to arouse the old sectional animosity as a means of discrediting tariff reform will not avail. The friends of tariff reform are not rebels in any sense, nor are they of a character to be intimidated or sophisticated by rebel influences. If the "element which sought to destroy this nation" now seeks to reduce a dangerous surplus by taking taxes from necessaries and raw materials, increasing the opportunities of American labor, and extending American trade, and the market for American manufactures, it is very evident that it is not seeking to destroy but to benefit the nation, and shows as true a patriotism as those who think that the exactions of a war tariff are the best means of promoting American prosperity.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S GOOD SENSE.

In the midst of the general unfriendly tone toward England, which is largely for campaign purposes only, Mr. Sherman's wise and dignified remarks the other day in the Senate were worthy of an American statesman. The attempt to win Irish votes in this country by incessantly "nagging" the English lion is contemptible, and Mr. Sherman's good sense and patriotism in deprecating a misunderstanding with Great Britain as infinitely more important and injurious than a controversy with any other nation, commend him to the respect of the country.

In the same spirit he alluded to Canada, and his strong desire to maintain the most cordial relation with the Dominion. He warmly favored a policy which would make more intimate the relation between the two countries, and he declared his conviction that within ten years Canada would be represented either in the imperial Parliament or in the Congress of the United States. He desired, therefore, the freest possible commercial relations with the Dominion, and would gladly see the abolition of a line of custom-houses and fortifications along the border. "It would be the height of nonsense, almost a crime against civilization, to establish such a line."

Mr. Sherman objected to the treaty as tending to create controversy, and to erect the very barrier that he deprecated. In this view we do not agree with him. The question must be settled by negotiation or not at all, and if by negotiation, there must be concession. But it is the tone and scope, not the argument, of the speech which have commanded general attention and admiration. Mr. Sherman lifted the debate out of the region of wretched jealousies and mean party spirit into the region of broad views and honorable difference, which is the true realm of the higher politics.

A PARK ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

The proposition to devote Governor's Island in the harbor, opposite the Battery, to the purposes of a public park and garden, so far as it contemplates another resort for health and recreation, is admirable. The island is now occupied by a small garrison as the head-quarters of the commanding General of this military district, but it has ceased to be useful as a point of defence for the city. It is, however, a disadvantage that it could be reached only by a ferry, and the plan of a park could not be accomplished wisely until the United States should cede the island to the State of New York.

The scheme in which Mayor Hewitt was warmly interested, for opening parks in the most crowded parts of the city, and which is now authorized by law, was one of the most useful of public works. The revelations of the testimony before the Ford committee and of the late disastrous fire in a Polish Jew quarter show a condition which it is not too late to treat with wisdom in its sanitary aspect, but which will soon become extremely difficult. The city of New York is admirably adapted for such treatment, and the larger the opportunity for healthful recreation which it offers in its most crowded and poorest quarters, the greater will be the general benefit.

This city has the experience of all other great cities for instruction and warning, and with such intelligence, ability, and public spirit in the direction of its affairs as Mayor Hewitt has shown, it could well profit by that experience. He certainly has proved the truth of the saying that he serves his party best who serves his country or the public most.

THE REPUBLICAN LEADER.

The acclamation with which Mr. Blaine has been received shows, what we have often said, that he is the representative leader of the Republican party. His qualities and career, his political standards and methods and spirit, are especially agreeable to it. In the Convention of 1884, when it was triumphantly asked whether he was not the free choice of the party, there could be but one answer—"It really seems to be so; and the more evident it is, the more instructive."

But at no time would the reception have been so enthusiastic as it has now been. No other Republican, not Lincoln in his life, nor Seward, nor Chase, nor Sumner, was ever so attractive to the great mass of the party. There were sensible Republicans who lamented the recent demonstration for very many reasons, but the fact that it was spontaneous tells the story. As the *Tribune* truly said of the Chicago platform, Blaineism is Republicanism. The bitterness of hatred and contempt with which the mugwumps are regarded springs from the instinctive conviction that they represent the natural opposition to Blaineism as Republicanism.

The acknowledged supremacy of this spirit in the party justifies the mugwump estimate of the action of the Chicago Convention. If the nomination of General Harrison had been held to prove a change in the general tendency of the party, the error would now have been apparent. Should he be elected, he would naturally appoint Mr. Blaine Secretary of State, and Mr. Blaine would dominate the administration. Of this there could be no party complaint. On the contrary, it would be agreeable to the party, which finds itself most fully and satisfactorily represented in Mr. Blaine. The friends of civil service reform, who saw the insincerity of the reform declaration in 1884, when Mr. Blaine was selected as its exponent, will, in the event of the election of General Harrison, have the opportunity of seeing how much sincerer is the same declaration in 1888, with Mr. Blaine as the controlling force of the administration.

PERSONAL.

Chief-Justice Fuller, who enjoys a handsome fortune, is considering architects' plans for a costly home in Washington.

—Miss Winnie Davis, "the daughter of the Confederacy," is enjoying the delights of Yankee companionship on the New England coast.

—Through the death of an elder brother the husband of Nelly Grant has gained abundant riches.

—How great literary successes do sometimes abide is shown in the fact that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe still receives $1500 a year on royalties upon *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

—The New York Reform Club is one of the lively factors in this campaign. It has already circulated over a million tariff reform documents.

—Mr. Will Carleton, who has a cottage this summer among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, has been giving readings from his own poems in the Park Tabernacle, an edifice that will seat over two thousand. People came from all the towns in that region, and filled the auditorium with the largest audience it had ever contained.

—The South American pocket-book is finding that artistic tastes are expensive. Adelina Patti's managers have just taken $500,000 out of the country, of which $75,000 represents the prima donna's personal profits.

—It costs $41,000,000 a year to support the household of the Sultan of Turkey.

—Is the circus played out? John Robinson, the veteran showman, just dead, leaves a fortune of $3,000,000.

—Gladstone's private library contains 15,000 volumes, and the venerable statesman can lay his hand upon any one book of them all at a minute's notice. "I haven't a single book," he says, "that I am not on intimate terms with."

—Sardou is promising to beat his own wonderful record for industry this year. He has already turned out two novels and two plays since New-Year's, and by December he contracts to have one more book in press and three more plays, for all of which he has been paid in advance.

—Henry Winkley, a poor New Hampshire boy, who went to Philadelphia sixty-five years ago, died last week a millionnaire, having been one of the pioneers in developing the American crockery trade. To show his love for New England he distributed $300,000 among New Hampshire and Massachusetts institutions of learning. "The Yankee school can make any poor boy rich," was one of his favorite sayings.

—Jack Williams, a Maltese sailor, has been breaking all records on the Mississippi River by swimming twenty-five miles with his arms strapped by his side and his legs bound together. It took him eight hours to do it.

—Washington has a "Bicycle Club for Women," with seventy active members.

—Rapid rises in Washington real estate, owing to local improvements, promise to make Mrs. Kate Chase rich again.

—Jay Gould's friends all agree that his health has improved greatly since he went to Saratoga, a month ago. He sleeps eight hours out of the twenty-four now. Until now his average has been about eight hours a week. He is leaving business affairs alone utterly, and when over-rash brokers who have followed him to the Springs presume to sound him on Wall Street they get rebuffed.

—Alma-Tadema's new picture, now about completed, is called "Interrupted Gossip," and delineates fashionable figures of the old Roman day. The artist is said to have had over fifty handsome offers for it from would-be buyers before he had hardly begun his work.

—Two-thirds of the Southern members of Congress are spending spare hours at Northern summer resorts.

—Madame Modjeska has built herself a magnificent house in southern California, where she is entertaining a good deal this summer.

—Dr. William Everett, one of the conspicuous political independents of Massachusetts, has a wonderful memory. He is a teacher at Quincy, and he knows by heart all of the Æneid of Virgil and the Odes of Horace. He never uses a text-book in his class-rooms.

—It is claimed that there has never yet been a genuine case of hydrophobia or rabies in any of the Pacific coast States or Territories.

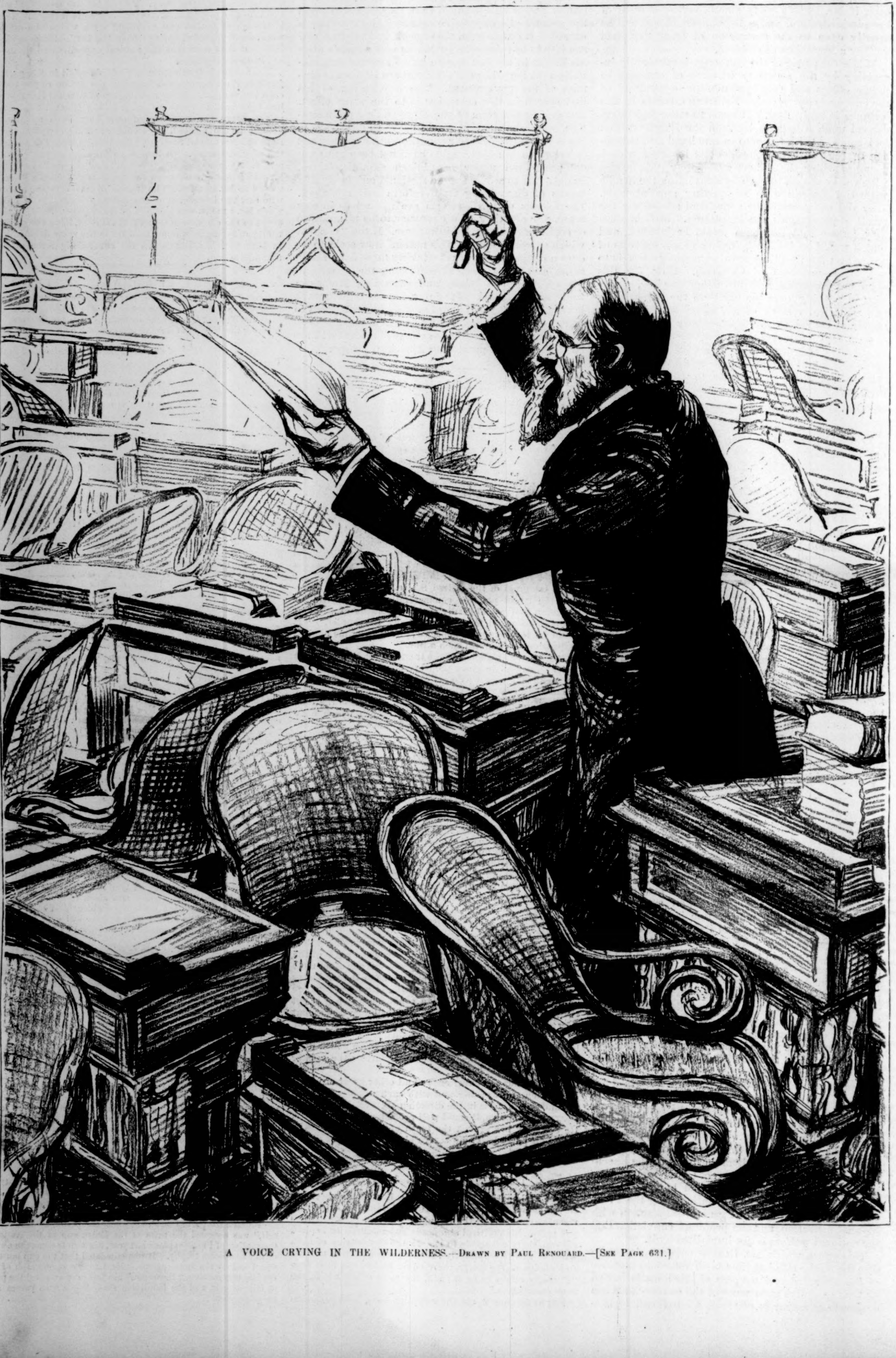
—Dr. Jonathan Kneeland, for a quarter of a century a physician among the Onondaga Indians, says that three-fourths of the tribe are victims of wasting and incurable diseases. They look hardy, he says, but the appearance is a deception.

—Walter Besant, overworked, is roaming leisurely through Europe, hoping to restore his broken health.

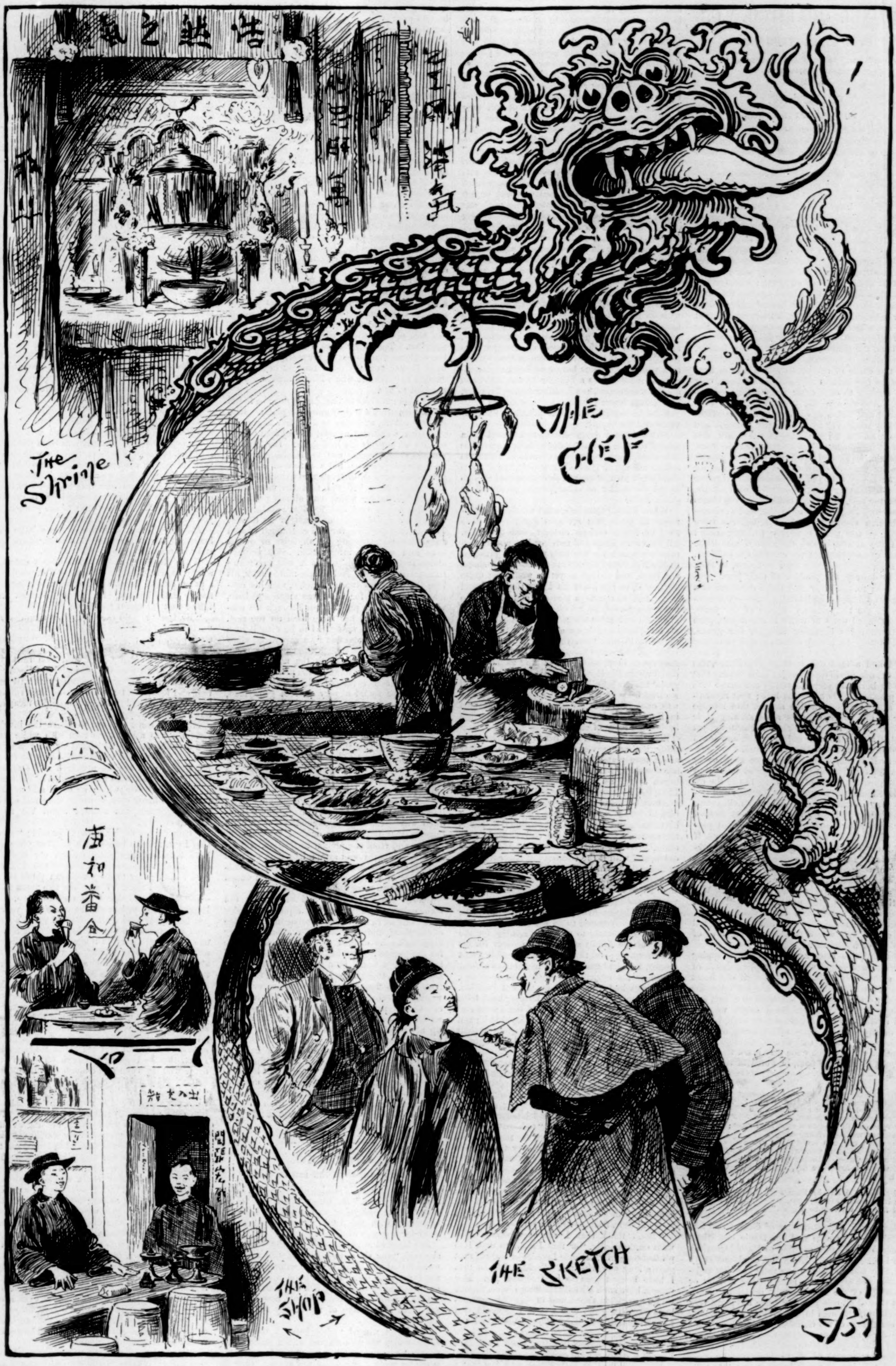
—The biggest tarpon ever known to have been taken with hook and line has fallen a victim to Chairman Quay of the Republican National Campaign Committee.

—Louis Philippe's government allowed a generous bounty to the poet Heine, which now returns tenfold. Michel Heine, the poet's cousin, has just given $150,000 to Paris charities, and other members of the family, grown rich, indulge similar philanthropy.

—Joseph Landy, of Cincinnati, whose composition, "Know Thyself," was awarded the prize of the Blair cup at the National Convention of Photographers last year, has now become the owner of this handsome trophy. It was stipulated that the cup must be won twice by the same person. Mr. Landy's photograph of his original composition, "Hiawatha," has just been awarded the prize at Minneapolis, and the handsome silver flagon thus passes into his possession.



A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 631.]


The Shrine
The Chef
The Sketch
The Shop

REMINISCENCES OF A RAMBLE THROUGH THE CHINESE QUARTER OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 635.]

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HAPPY DAYS.

This is a troublesome world enough, but thanks to that mitigating fate which now and again interferes to our advantage, there do come to most of us times and periods of our existence which, if they do not quite fulfil all the conditions of ideal happiness, yet go near enough to that end to permit in after-days of our imagining that they did so. I say to most of us, but in doing so I allude chiefly to those classes commonly known as the "upper," by which is understood those who have enough bread to put into their mouths and clothes to warm them; those, too, who are not the present subjects of remorseless and hideous ailments, who are not daily agonized by the sight of their famished offspring; who are not doomed to beat out their lives against the madhouse bars, or to see their hearts' beloved and their most cherished hope wither toward that cold space from whence no message comes. For such unfortunates, and for their million-numbered kin upon the globe—the victims of war, famine, slave-trade, oppression, usury, over-population, and the curse of competition—the rays of light must be few indeed; few and far between, only just enough to save them from utter hopelessness. And even to the favored ones, the well-warmed and well-fed, who are to a great extent lifted by fortune or by their native strength and wit above the degradations of the world, this light of happiness is but as the gleam of stars, uncertain, fitful, and continually lost in clouds. Only the utterly selfish or the utterly ignorant can be happy with the happiness of savages or children, however prosperous their own affairs, for to the rest, those who think and have hearts to feel, and imagination to realize, and a redeeming human sympathy to be touched, the mere weight of the world's misery pressing round them like an atmosphere, the mere echoes of the groans of the dying and the cries of the children, are sufficient, and more than sufficient, to dull, aye, to destroy, the promise of their joys. But still even to this finer sort there do come rare periods of almost complete happiness—little summers in the tempestuous climate of our years, green-fringed wells of water in our desert, pure Northern lights breaking in upon our gloom. And strange as it may seem, these breadths of happy days, when the old questions cease to torment, and a man can trust in Providence, and without one qualifying thought bless the day that he was born, are very frequently connected with the passion that is known as love; that mysterious symbol of our double nature, that strange tree of life which, with its roots sucking their strength from the dust-heap of humanity, yet springs aloft above our highest level, and bears its blooms in the very face of heaven.

Why it is and what it means we shall never know for certain, but it does suggest itself that as the greatest terror of our being lies in the utter loneliness, the unspeakable identity, and unchanging self-completeness of every living soul, so the greatest hope and the intensest natural yearning of our hearts go out toward that passion which in its fire heats has the strength, if only for a little while, to melt down the barriers of our individuality, and to give to the soul something of the power for which it yearns, of losing its sense of solitude in converse with its kind. For alone we are from infancy to death. We, for the most part, grow not nearer together, but rather wider apart, with the widening years. Where go the sympathies between the parent and the child? and where is the close old love of brother for his brother?

The invisible fates are continually wrapping us round and round with the winding-sheets of our solitude, and none may know all our heart save He who made it. We are set upon the world as the stars are set upon the sky, and though in following our fated orbits we pass and repass, and each shines out on each, yet are we the same lonely lights, rolling alone, obedient to laws we cannot understand, through those great spaces of which none may mark the limit.

Only, as says the poet, in words of truth and beauty—

"Only but this is rare:
When a beloved hand is laid in ours;
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again;
And what we mean we say, and what we would we know.

* * * * * * * * *

And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea whereunto it goes."

Some such Indian-summer of delight and forgetfulness of trouble and the tragic conditions of our days was now opening to Harold Quaritch and Ida De la Molle. Every day, or almost every day, they met and went upon their painting expeditions, and argued the point of the validity or otherwise of the Impressionist doctrines of art. Not that of all this painting came anything very wonderful, although in the evening the Colonel, in the silence of his chamber, would take out his canvases and contemplate their rigid proportions with singular pride and satisfaction. It was a little weakness of his to think that he could paint, and one of which he was somewhat tenacious. He was like many another, a man who could do a number of things exceedingly well and one thing very badly, and yet had more faith in that one bad thing than in all the good.

And still, strange to say, although he affected to believe so firmly in his own style of art and hold Ida's in such cheap regard, it was a little painting of the latter's that was most dear to him, and which was most often put upon his easel for purposes of solitary admiration. It was one of those very Impressionist productions that faded away in the distance, and was full of soft gray tints, such as his soul loathed, and had a tree with a blot of brown color on it, and altogether (though, as a matter of fact, a clever thing enough), from his point of view of art, utterly "anathema." This little picture in oils faintly shadowed out himself sitting at his easel, working in the soft gray of the autumn evening, and Ida had painted it and given it to him, and that was why he admired it so much. For, to speak the truth, our friend the Colonel was going, going fast—sinking out of sight of his former self into the depths of the love that possessed his soul.

He was a very simple-minded and a pure man. Strange as it may appear, since that first unhappy business of his youth, of which he had never been heard to speak, no living woman had been anything to him. Therefore, instead of becoming further vulgarized and hardened by association with all the odds and ends of womankind that a man travelling about the globe comes in contact with, generally not greatly to his improvement, his faith had had time to grow up stronger even than before, and he once more looked upon woman as a young man looks before he has had experience of the world, as a being to be venerated and almost worshipped, as something better, brighter, purer, than himself, hardly to be won, and when won to be worn like a jewel prized at once for value and for beauty.

Now this is a dangerous state of mind for a man of three or four and forty to fall into, because it is a soft state, and this is a world in which the softest are apt to get the worst of it, and at four-and-forty a man, of course, should be hard enough to get the better of other people, as indeed he generally is.

When Harold Quaritch, after all that long interval of years, first set eyes again upon Ida's face, he felt a curious change come over him. All the vague ideas and more or less poetical aspirations which for five long years had gathered themselves round about that memory took shape and form, and though as yet he would not quite confess it, in his heart he knew that he loved her. And as the days went on and he came to know her better, he grew to love her more and more, till at last his whole heart went out toward his late-found treasure, and she grew to be more than life to him, more than aught had been or could be. Blue and happy were those days which they spent in painting and talking as they wandered about the Honham Castle grounds. By degrees Ida's slight but perceptible hardness of manner wore away, and she stood out what she was, one of the sweetest and most natural women in England, and with it all, a woman having brains and force of character.

Soon he discovered that her life had been anything but an easy one. The constant anxiety about money and her father's affairs had worn her down and hardened her, till, as she said, she began to feel as though she had no heart left. Then, too, he heard all her trouble about her dead and only brother James, how dearly she had loved him, and what a sore trouble he had been with his extravagant ways, and his continual demands for money, which had to be met some how or other. At last came the crushing blow of his death, and with it the certainty of the extinction of the male line of the De la Molles, and she said that for a while she had believed her father would never hold up his head again. But his vitality was equal to the shock; and after a while the debts began to come in, which, although he was not legally bound to do so, her father would insist upon meeting to the last farthing, for the honor of the family and out of respect for his son's memory; and there was more trouble about money, that had gone on and on, always getting worse as the agricultural depression deepened, till things had reached their present position. All this she told him bit by bit, keeping back from him only the last development of the drama and the part that Edward Cossey had played in it; and sad enough it made him to think of that ancient house of De la Molle vanishing into the night of ruin.

Also she told him something of her own life, how companionless it had been since her brother went into the army, for she had no real friends about Honham, and not even an acquaintance of her own tastes, which, without being gushingly so, were decidedly artistic and intellectual. "I should have liked," she said, "to have tried to do something in the world. I dare say that I should have failed, for I know that very few women meet with a success that is worth having. But still I should have liked to try, for I am not afraid of work. But the current of my life is against it, and the only thing that is open to me is to try and make both ends meet upon an income that is always growing smaller, and to save my father, poor old dear, from as much worry as I can.

"Don't think that I am complaining," she went on, hurriedly, "or that I want to rush into pleasure-seeking, because I don't—a little of that goes a long way with me. Besides, I know that I have many things to be thankful for. Few women have such a kind father as I have, though we do quarrel at times, and of course we cannot have everything our own way in this world, and I dare say that I do not make the best of things. Still, at times, it does seem a little hard to have to lead such a narrow life, just when I feel that I could work in a wide one."

Harold looked up in her face and saw that a tear was gathering in her dark eyes, and in his heart he registered a vow that if by any means it ever lay within his power to improve her lot he would give everything he had to do it. But all he said was:

"Don't be downhearted, Miss De la Molle. Things change in a wonderful way, and often they mend when they look worst. You know," he went on a little nervously, "I am an old-fashioned sort of individual, and I believe in Providence and all that sort of thing, you see, and that things generally come pretty straight in the long-run if people deserve it."

Ida shook her head a little doubtfully and sighed.

"Perhaps," she said; "but I suppose that we do not deserve it. Anyhow, our good fortune is a long while coming," and the conversation dropped.

Still her friend's strong belief in the efficacy of Providence, and, generally, his masculine sturdiness, did cheer her up considerably. Even the strongest women, if they have any element that can be called feminine left in them, want somebody of the other sex to lean on, and Ida was no exception to the rule. Besides, if Ida's society had charms for Colonel Quaritch, his society had almost if not quite as much charm for her. It may be remembered that on the night that they first met she had spoken to herself of him as the kind of man whom she would like to marry. The thought was a passing one, and it may be safely said that she had not since entertained any serious idea of marriage in connection with Colonel Quaritch. The only person whom there seemed the slightest probability of her marrying was Edward Cossey, and the mere thought of this was enough to make the whole idea of matrimony repugnant to her.

But this notwithstanding, day by day she found Harold Quaritch's society more congenial. Herself by nature, and also to a certain degree by education, a cultured woman, she rejoiced to find in him an entirely kindred spirit. For beneath his somewhat rugged and unpromising appearance Harold Quaritch hid a nature of considerable richness. Few of those who associated with him would have believed that the man had a side to his nature which was almost poetic, or that he was a ripe and finished scholar, and, what is more, not devoid of a certain dry humor. Then he had travelled far and seen much of men and manners, gathering up all sorts of quaint odds and ends of information. But perhaps above these accomplishments it was the man's transparent honesty and simple-mindedness, his love for what was true and noble, and his contempt and scorn for what was mean and base, which, unwittingly peeping out through his conversation, attracted her more than all the rest. Ida was no more a young girl to be caught by a handsome face or dazzled by a superficial show of mind. She was a thoughtful, ripened woman, quick to perceive, and with the rare talent of judgment wherewith to weigh the proceeds of her perception, and in plain, middle-aged Colonel Quaritch she found a very perfect gentleman, and valued him accordingly.

And so day grew into day in that lovely autumn-tide, and Edward Cossey was away in London, and Quest had ceased from troubling, and journeying together through the sweet shadows of companionship, by slow but sure degrees they drew near to the sunlit plain of love. For it is not common—indeed, it is so uncommon as to draw near to the impossible—that a man and woman between whom there stands no natural impediment can halt for very long in those shadowed ways—there is throughout all nature an impulse that pushes ever onward toward completion, and from completion to fruition. Liking leads to sympathy, and sympathy points the path to love, and then love demands its own. This is the order of affairs, and down its well-trodden road these two were quickly travelling.

George the wily saw it, and winked his eye with solemn meaning. The Squire also saw something of it, not being wanting in knowledge of the world, and after much cogitation and many long walks he elected to leave matters alone for the present. He liked Colonel Quaritch, and he thought it would be a good thing for Ida to get married, though the idea of parting from her troubled his heart sorely. Whether or no it would be desirable from his point of view that she should marry the Colonel was a point on which he had not, at any rate as yet, fully made up his mind. Sometimes he thought it would, and sometimes the reverse. Then at times vague ideas suggested by Edward Cossey's behavior about the loan would come to puzzle him. But as yet he was so much in the dark that he could come to no absolute decision, so, with unaccustomed wisdom for so headstrong and precipitate a man, he determined to refrain from interference, and for the present at any rate to let events take their natural course.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSE WITH THE RED PILLARS.

Two days after his receipt of the second letter from the "Tiger," Mr. Quest announced to his wife that he was going to London on business connected with the bank, and expected to be away for a couple of nights.

She laughed straight out. "Really, William," she said, "you are a most consummate actor. I wonder that you think it worth while to keep up the farce with me. Well, I hope that Edith is not going to be very expensive this time, because we don't seem to be too rich just now, and you see there is no more of my money for her to have."

Mr. Quest winced visibly beneath this bitter satire, which his wife uttered with a smile of infantile innocence playing upon her face, but he made no reply. She knew too much. Only in his heart he wondered what fate she would mete out to him if ever she got possession of the whole truth, and the thought made him tremble. It seemed to him that the owner of that baby face could be terribly merciless in her vengeance, and that those soft white hands would close round the throat of a man she hated and utterly destroy him. Now, if never before, he realized that between him and this woman there must be enmity and a struggle to the death; and yet, strangely enough, he still loved her!

Mr. Quest reached London about three o'clock, and his first act was to drive to Cossey & Son's, where he was informed that old Mr. Cossey was much better, and having heard that he was coming to town, had sent to say that he particularly wished to see him, especially about the Honham Castle estates. Accordingly Mr. Quest drove on to the old gentleman's mansion in Grosvenor Street, where he asked for Mr. Edward Cossey. The footman said that Mr. Edward was upstairs, and showed him into a study while he went to tell him of the arrival of his visitor. Mr. Quest glanced round the luxuriantly furnished room, which he saw was occupied by Edward himself, for some letters directed in his handwriting lay upon the desk, and a velveteen lounging-coat that Mr. Quest recognized as belonging to him was hanging over the back of a chair. Mr. Quest's eye, wandering over this coat, was presently caught by the corner of a torn flap of an envelop which projected from one of the pockets. It was of a peculiar bluish tinge, in fact of a hue which was much affected by his wife. Listening for a moment to hear if anybody was coming, he stepped to the coat and extracted the letter. It *was* in his wife's handwriting, so he took the liberty of hastily transferring it to his own pocket. In another minute Edward Cossey entered, and the two men shook hands.

"How do you do, Quest?" said Edward. "I think that the old man is going to pull through this bout. He is helpless, but keen as a knife, and has all the important matters from the bank referred to him. I believe that he will last a year yet, but he will scarcely allow me out of his sight. He preaches away about business the whole day long, and says that he wants to communicate the fruits of his experience to me before it is too late. He wishes to see you; so if you will, you had better come up."

Accordingly, they went upstairs to a large and luxurious bedroom on the first floor, where the stricken man lay upon a patent couch.

When Mr. Quest and Edward Cossey entered, a lady, old Mr. Cossey's eldest daughter, put down a paper out of which she had been reading the money article aloud, and, rising informed her father that Mr. Quest had come.

"Mr. Quest?" said the old man, in a thin voice. "Ah, yes, I want to see Mr. Quest very much. Go away now, Anna; you can come back by-and-by; business before pleasure—most instructive, though, that sudden fall in American railways. But I thought it would come, and I got Cossey & Son clear of them," and he sniffed with satisfaction, and looked as though he would have rubbed his hands if he had not been physically incapacitated from so doing.

Mr. Quest came forward to where the invalid lay. He was a gaunt old man with white hair and a pallid face, which looked almost ghastly in contrast to his black velvet skull-cap. So far as Mr. Quest could see, he appeared to be almost totally paralyzed, with the exception of his head, neck, and left arm, which he could still move a little. His black eyes, however, were full of life and intelligence, and roamed about the room without ceasing.

"How do you do, Mr. Quest?" he said; "sorry that I can't shake hands with you, but you see I have been stricken down, though my brain is clear enough—clearer than ever it was, I think. And I ain't going to die yet—don't think that I am, because I ain't. I may live two years more—the doctor says that I am sure to live one at least. A lot of money can be made in a year if you keep your eyes open. Once I made a hundred and twenty thousand for Cossey & Son in one year; and I may do it again before I die. I may make a lot of money, ah, a lot of money," and his voice went off into a kind of thin scream that was not pleasant to listen to.

"I am sure I hope you will, sir," said Mr. Quest, politely.

"Thank you; take that for good-luck, you know. Well, well, Mr. Quest, things haven't done so bad down in your part of the world; not at all bad considering the times. I thought we should have to sell that old De la Molle up, but I hear that he is going to pay us off. Can't imagine who has been fool enough to lend him the money. A client of yours, eh? Well, he'll lose it, I expect, and serve him right for his pains. But I am not sorry, for it is unpleasant for a house like ours to have to sell an old client up. Not that his account is worth much, nothing at all—more trouble than profit—or we should not have done it. He's no better than a bankrupt, and the Insolvency Court is the best place for him. The world is to the rich and the fulness thereof. There's an insolvency court specially provided for De la Molle and his like—empty old windbags with long-sounding names; let him go there, and make room for the men who have made money—hee! hee! hee!" And once more his voice went off into a sort of scream.

Here Mr. Quest, who had had about enough of this sort of thing, changed the conversation by commencing to comment on various business transactions which he had been conducting on behalf of the house. The old man listened with the greatest interest, his keen black eyes attentively fixed upon the speaker's face, till at last Mr. Quest happened to mention that among others a certain Colonel Quaritch had opened an account with their branch of the bank.

"Quaritch?" said the old man, eagerly; "I know that name. Was he ever in the One-hundred-and-fifth Foot?"

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, who knew everything about everybody; "he was an ensign in that regiment during the Indian Mutiny, where he was badly wounded when still quite young, and got the Victoria Cross. I found it all out the other day."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

"That's the man; that's the man," said old Mr. Cossey, jerking his head in an excited manner. "He's a blackguard; I tell you he's a blackguard; he jilted my wife's sister. She was twenty years younger than my wife—jilted her a week before her marriage, and would never give a reason, and she went mad, and is in a mad-house now. I should like to have the ruining of him for it. I should like to drive him into the poor-house."

Mr. Quest and Edward looked at each other, and the old man let his head fall back exhausted.

"Now good-by, Mr. Quest; they'll give you a bit of dinner down-stairs," he said at length. "I'm getting tired, and I want to hear the rest of that money article. You've done very well for Cossey & Son, and Cossey & Son will do well for you, for we always pay by results; that's the way to get good work and make a lot of money. Mind, Edward, if ever you get a chance don't forget to pay that blackguard Quaritch out pound for pound, and twice as much again for compound interest—hee! hee! hee!"

"The old gentleman keeps his head for business pretty well," said Mr. Quest to Edward Cossey as soon as they were well outside the door.

"Keeps his head?" answered Edward. "I should just think he did! He's a regular shark now—that's what he is. I really believe that if he knew I had found that thirty thousand for old De la Molle he would cut me off with a shilling." Here Mr. Quest pricked up his ears. "And he's close too," he went on, "so close that it is almost impossible to get anything out of him. I am not particular, but upon my word I think that it is rather disgusting to see an old man with one foot in the grave hanging on to his money-bags as though he expected to float to heaven on them."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, "it is a curious thing to think of, but, you see, money *is* his heaven."

"By-the-way," said Edward, as they entered the study, "that's queer about that fellow Quaritch, isn't it? I never liked the look of him, with his pious air."

"Very queer, Mr. Cossey," said he; "but do you know, I almost think that there must be some mistake. I do not believe that Colonel Quaritch is the man to do things of that sort without a very good reason. However, nobody can tell, and it is a long while ago."

"A long while ago or not, I mean to let him know my opinion of him when I get back to Boisingham," said Edward, viciously.

"By Jove! it's twenty minutes past six, and in this establishment we dine at the pleasant hour of half past. Won't you come and wash your hands?"

Mr. Quest got a very good dinner, and, contrary to his custom, he drank the best part of a bottle of old port after it. He had an unpleasant business to face that evening, and felt as though his nerves required bracing. About ten o'clock he took his leave, and getting into a hansom, bade the cabman drive to Stanley Street, Pimlico, where he arrived in due course. Having dismissed his cab, he walked slowly down the street till he reached a small house with red pillars to the doorway. Here he rang the bell. The door was opened by a middle-aged woman with a cunning face and a simper. Mr. Quest knew her well. Nominally the Tiger's servant, she was really her jackal, and in return for the intelligence she lent to the chase received her portion of the prey.

"Is Mrs. D'Aubigné at home, Ellen?" he said.

"No, sir," she answered, with a simper; "but she will be back from the Music Hall before long. She does not appear in the second part. But please come in, sir; you are quite a stranger here, and I am sure that Mrs. D'Aubigné will be very glad to see you, for she have been dreadfully pressed for money of late, poor dear; nobody knows the trouble that I have had with those sharks of tradesmen."

By this time they were upstairs in the drawing-room, and Ellen had turned the gas up. The room was well furnished in a certain gaudy style, which included a good deal of gilt and plate-glass. Evidently, however, it had not been tidied since the Tiger had left it, for there on the table were cards thrown this way and that amidst an array of empty soda-water bottles, glasses with dregs of brandy in them, and other *débris*, such as the ends of cigars and cigarettes, and a little copper and silver money. On the sofa, too, lay a gorgeous tea gown resplendent with pink satin, also a pair of gold-embroidered slippers, not over-small, and an odd gant de Suède with such an extraordinary number of buttons that it almost looked like the cast-off skin of a brown snake.

"I see that your mistress has been having company, Ellen," he said, coldly.

"Yes, sir; just a few lady friends in to cheer her up a bit," answered the woman, with her abominable simper; "poor dear, she do get that low with you away so much, and no wonder; and then all these money troubles, and she night by night working hard for her living. Often and often have I seen her crying over it all—"

"Ah," said he, breaking in upon her eloquence, "I suppose that the lady friends smoke cigars. Well, clear away this mess and leave me—stop, give me a brandy and soda first. I will wait for your mistress."

The woman stopped talking and did as she was bid, for there was a look in Mr. Quest's eye which she did not quite like. So, having placed the brandy and soda-water before him, she left him to his own reflections.

Apparently they were not very pleasant ones. He walked round the room, which was reeking of patchouli or some such compound, well mixed with the odor of stale cigar smoke, looking absently at the gewgaw ornaments. On the mantel-piece were some photographs, and among them, to his disgust, he saw one of himself. With something as near an oath as he ever indulged in, he seized it, and setting fire to it over the gas, waited till the flames began to scorch his fingers, and then flung it, still flaming, down into the grate. Then he looked at himself in the glass over the mantel-piece—the room was full of mirrors—and laughed bitterly at the incongruity of his gentleman-like, respectable, and even refined appearance in that vulgar, gaudy, vicious-looking room.

Suddenly he bethought him of the letter in his wife's handwriting which he had stolen from the pocket of Edward Cossey's coat. He drew it out, and throwing the tea gown and the interminable glove off the sofa, sat down and commenced to read it. It was, as he had expected, a love-letter, a wildly passionate love-letter, breathing language which in places almost touched the beauty of poetry, vows of undying affection that were throughout redeemed from vulgarity and even from silliness by their utter earnestness and self-abandonment. Had the letter been one written under happier circumstances and innocent of offence against morality, it would have been a beautiful letter, for passion at its highest has always a beauty of its own.

He read it through, and then carefully folded it and restored it to his pocket. "The woman has a heart," he said to himself; "no one can doubt it. And yet I could never touch it, though God knows however much I wronged her I loved her, yes, and love her now. Well, it is a good bit of evidence, if ever I dare to use it. It is a game of bluff between me and her, and I expect that in the end the bolder player will win."

He rose from the sofa—the atmosphere of the place stifled him—and going to the window, he threw it open and stepped out on to the balcony. It was a lovely moonlight night, though chilly, and for London the street was a quiet one.

Taking a chair, he sat down there upon the balcony and began to think. His heart was softened by misery, and his mind fell into a tender groove. He thought of his long-dead mother, whom he had dearly loved, and of how he used to say his prayers to her, and of how she sang hymns to him on Sunday evenings. Her death had seemed to choke all the beauty out of his being at the time, and yet now he thanked God that she was dead. And then he thought of the accursed woman who had been his ruin, and of how she had entered into his life and corrupted and destroyed him. Next there rose up before him a vision of Belle, Belle as he had first seen her, a maid of seventeen, the only child of that drunken old village doctor, now also long since dead, and of how the sight of her had for a while stayed the corruption of his heart because he grew to love her. And then he married Belle by foul means, and the woman rose up in his path again, and he learned that his wife hated him with all the energy of her passionate heart. Then came degradation after degradation, and the abandonment of principle after principle, replaced only by a fierce craving for respectability and rest, a long, long struggle, which ever ended in new lapses from the right, till at length he saw himself a hardened schemer, remorselessly pursued by a fury from whom there was no escape. And yet he knew that under other circumstances he might have been a good and happy man—leading an honorable life. But now all hope had gone, that which he was he must be till the end. He leaned his head upon the stone railing in front of him and wept, yes wept in the anguish of his soul, praying to God for deliverance from the burden of his sins, and yet well knowing that he had none to hope for. For his chance was gone and his fate fixed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

The proposition to change Governor's Island from a United States garrison into a city park marks a new era in the experience of that little patch of territory. For two hundred years no one has taken the least notice of it, except when a war was either brewing or being fought out. Then for the moment it sprang into prominence, was called "the key of New York Harbor," "a position of great military importance," and other equally flattering and honorable titles; but as soon as the statesmen or cannons had settled "the little unpleasantness" it once more sank into oblivion. And now it is proposed to change it from the repository of heaps of brick and old iron which courtesy calls fortifications and guns into a pleasure-ground for two millions of people so thickly spread around it.

If the little island could speak, the story it would tell would be somewhat as follows: In the year 1621 the newly arrived emigrants sent out by the Dutch West India Company, in searching for a suitable spot for a settlement, finally selected a small island lying midway between Long and Manhattan islands for the first permanent settlement, clearly thinking that the island for defensive purposes was superior to those around it; but as soon as the friendship of the natives was secured, the natural fort was abandoned for the larger islands, though it is possible that the "demons and spirits," which Washington Irving says they suspected on the island may have had something to do with the prompt abandonment. However, the bit of land had been christened, and, till it found a more popular name, was known (according to the lexicon, or more accurately for want of a lexicon) as Noten, Notten, Nuten, Nutten, or Nutting island, on account of the plentiful harvest which at that time no doubt delighted the "small boy" of "Menhaddoes," and may possibly again do the same to the like element of our great city.

Thus the island remained till Wouter van Twiller, Director-General of the New Netherlands, and of Knickerbocker fame, turned his eyes toward it. Mr. Van Twiller would have suited the present age. Not only was he what we should call to-day a "land-grabber," but he had also to learn that "public office is a public trust." He was already superseded by Kieft in his office, yet before retiring he contrived through his position to obtain possession of a great deal of land, and among the rest the island which was henceforth to be known as Governor's Island, and of which the original deed, in Dutch, is still extant, of which the following is a translation:

"We, Director and Council of *New Netherland*, etc., herewith testify and declare that to-day, date underwritten, before us personally appeared *Cacapeteyno* and *Pewihas* as owners and declared, that voluntarily and advisedly, by special order of the rulers and with consent of the community at *Kerhaequereren*, for certain goods, which they acknowledge to have received into their hands and power to their full contentment and satisfaction, they have transferred, ceded, surrendered, and conveyed, as lawful, true, and free possession, as they herewith transfer, cede, surrender, and convey to and for the behoof of *Wouter van Twiller*, Director-General of *New Netherland*, the *Nut Island*, in the Indian tongue called *Pagganck*, situate opposite the Island of the *Manahates*, between the North and East rivers of *New Netherland*, with all the action, rights, and privileges.

"Done upon the Island Manahates this 16th of June, 1637."

The West India Company, however, did not relish these land purchases. "It seems Wouter van Twiller has....secured for himself more land than he ever intended to cultivate or settle;" he has taken "the whole of *Nut Island* and *Hellgate* without either planting or building on the former during the whole time that he was bound to do so; we intend to assert that their rights have lapsed, and the said colonies have reverted to us," wrote the Directors to Stuyvesant, and were as good as their word, for the island became state property, and was thenceforth always considered part of the Governor's perquisites. That the new Director and Council did not let the island remain unimproved is shown by one of their enactments, which also shows to an amusing extent their natural thrift, and their care of the Company's property.

"Anno 1648 in Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland.

"....Whereas the saw-mill on *Nut Island* is wholly decayed and in ruin, and to all appearance cannot be repaired by the carpenters now here, and the iron-work belonging to it is daily diminishing, therefore it is considered most advantageous for the Hon^{ble} West India Company, and unanimously resolved in Council, to take said mill to pieces, if possible, or otherwise to burn it, in order to save the iron, which shall be used for the best advantage of the Hon^{ble} Company."

The dangers of war brought the island into prominence during the administration of Lord Cornbury, and the Assembly having placed £1500 at the disposal of the Governor for fortifying the harbor, that gentleman used it for the purpose of erecting a pleasure-house on the island, where he and the future Governors might escape from the whirl of the mighty city stretching from the Battery close up to Wall Street, and which no doubt was greatly enjoyed by all their Excellencies in succession. In 1756, when the French and Indian war broke out, Sir Charles Hardy begged "that some heavy cannon should be mounted....upon Nutten Island, a ground, that if the enemy should attempt this country with a fleet, they will make themselves masters of, and from whence they can easily bombard this city." Whether the English government took his advice I cannot learn, but the arrival of Earl Loudon's fleet certainly put the city out of danger.

Then the little island slumbered on till we were no longer begging England for "heavy cannon," but were exchanging balls on very even terms. The Continental army lay encamped round Brooklyn; in the lower bay lay Lord Howe's fleet and Sir William Howe's army. A lot of hulks had been sunk so as to block the channel between New York and Governor's Island, but the Buttermilk Channel was still open, and to protect this some troops were placed on the island, where they threw up what is called on the old military maps a "citadel," which was armed with four 32-pounders and four 18-pounders—quite strong enough in those days. But it was work thrown away, for the English thrashed us on the hills of Brooklyn, and the garrison retreated with the rest of the army, bringing off the 18-pounders, but leaving those precious 32's, which no doubt the English promptly utilized in the works they at once erected on the island. On the evacuation by the British, Governor Clinton leased the island to a Dr. Price, who erected a hotel and laid out a race-course, on which there were races for several years.

The "wars and rumors of war" in 1794 caused the national and State governments, working in concert, to throw up an earth fort, named Fort Jay, and two batteries faced with brick. This in turn was demolished, and with the aid of volunteers from New York, including all the professors and students of Columbia College, the work was begun that resulted in Fort Columbus, which was described then as "an enclosed pentagonal work, with four bastions of masonry, calculated for 100 guns." When the war of 1812 broke upon us, Castle William, named after a militia general, was added; a strangely fierce and solemn looking pile, which serves, and for many years has served, for innocent barracks for the troops, but that in its day was considered a triumph of engineering skill, such as would uphold against the haughty Briton our cry of "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights."

With the end of this war went the glories of Governor's Island. It became at once a mere garrison, and though the Mexican war and the Rebellion galvanized it into temporary life, it was only as a recruiting station or provost marshal's prison. Of late years it is chiefly known as the head-quarters of the Department of the East, and the quarters of a limited number of Uncle Sam's little army.

Such is the outline of the history of the little island. It certainly seems to have seen its fair share of fighting, and can now safely be mustered out of service, more especially as the eighty-ton multicharge and dynamite guns have quite done away with its use as a military or artillery post. Mr. Zogbaum's spirited picture gives an accurate idea of some of the "pomp and circumstance" of war which may still be found clinging to the island, and perhaps suggests the near approach of the time when the battalion shall issue from the sally-port of Fort Columbus for the last time, and Governor's Island shall become once more a sylvan haunt of peace.

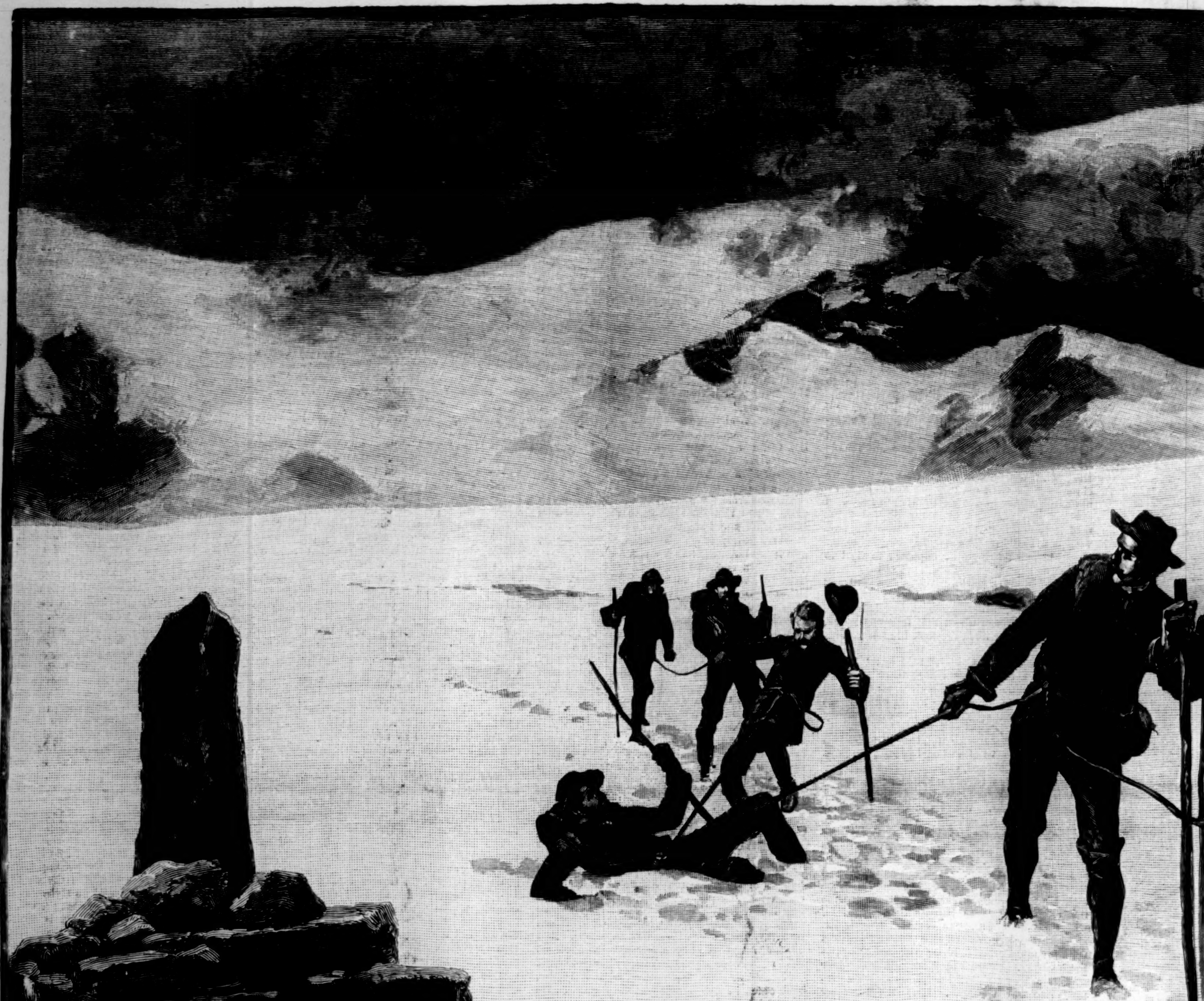
The Senate will hardly act this year on the House resolution lately passed, but it is safe to assume that early in 1889 the legislation needed to turn over Governor's Island to the New York Department of Parks will be completed.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

It might well be imagined that there is no such wilderness as the empty House of Representatives to an orator who seeks to make an impression on his fellow-members. Nevertheless, some orators always go on whether the seats be occupied or unoccupied. M. Renouard's sketch on another page tells the story of a voice crying in the wilderness. It is of a not uncommon scene in Congress, and may be witnessed nearly every day when a great debate, like that on the tariff question, is going on. Senators as well as Representatives indulge in the habit of uttering their thoughts to the desks and chairs and the vacant galleries, to which spectators seldom go unless some one of importance is to make a real speech. This empty haranguing is one of the incidents of the triumph of the written speech. Oratory may or may not have been driven out of fashion by the newspaper, but it is a fact that the reading of speeches in Congress has made debating much less interesting than it was. Senators and Representatives seldom debate; they usually read some remarks that are intended for the edification of their far-away constituents, and they do not care whether or not they are heard by their fellow-members. They would find it difficult to speak extemporaneously, or even to recite a speech which had been prepared and learned, to an empty House. A man, however, may read an essay with some degree of fervor, such as is exhibited by our friend of the picture, even if there are only two or three hearers present. His imagination has an opportunity to play, and he has a chance to be excited both by his own thoughts and fancies, and by the belief that is nearly if not quite inseparable from the accomplishment of a completed essay—a belief in the wisdom of its matter and the beauty of its style. It is as apparent as the man himself that the owner of the voice who has been portrayed is entirely convinced of the soundness of his argument.

As a rule, a speech that is made to empty benches is part of the proceedings of an evening session. Whenever any important question is under discussion, sessions of the House of Representatives are held in the evening, for the purpose of enabling orators who desire to address their constituents only to read their efforts to one another. Years ago such sessions were held on Saturday, and were called in the rules of the House, "sessions for debate only." But as business grew in bulk and pressed upon Congress, Saturday was needed for work, and could not be given up to eloquence, however hungry constituents might be for it. Therefore the night session was invented; and although the appointment of several evenings in the week for consideration of an important measure may appear to be a sign of great industry, no measure is really advanced on such occasions; nothing is really done at evening sessions except to pass pension bills. The House is thin, for no one goes except the men who expect to make the speeches. Up in the gallery there may be a few darkies, for the darkies of the street, the tramps who sleep in the parks in the summer-time, remain in the Capitol during the winter until its great doors are closed, for the pleasant warmth that they find there. At length the obituary orations were made part of the exercises in the evening sessions, and the dismal and turgid eloquence of the mourners was reeled off in the wilderness. On one occasion the writer of this sketch went to listen to the funeral orations over a member who had been of some importance and of greater promise. One of the most noted orators of New England was to hold forth. The writer was the only white man in the great galleries. Opposite to him in the public gallery sat some happy negroes, to whom the obsequies meant a few more hours of warmth. There were six members of the House in the Chamber, and a temporary presiding officer, who had been appointed to sit in the Speaker's chair by its permanent occupant. The six were the orators. Five of the speeches were read, and then the celebrated New-Englander undertook to make a speech from the fulness of his heart, and inspired by the occasion. It was an enormous failure, for there was no inspiration. If the voice in the wilderness is really to be interesting to any one, even to its owner, it must be the voice of a reader. There must be a manuscript to conceal from the performer the emptiness of the Chamber and the expressionless character of the desks. It will be seen that, as for the chairs, they really do have an expression: they show the eager haste with which they have been deserted.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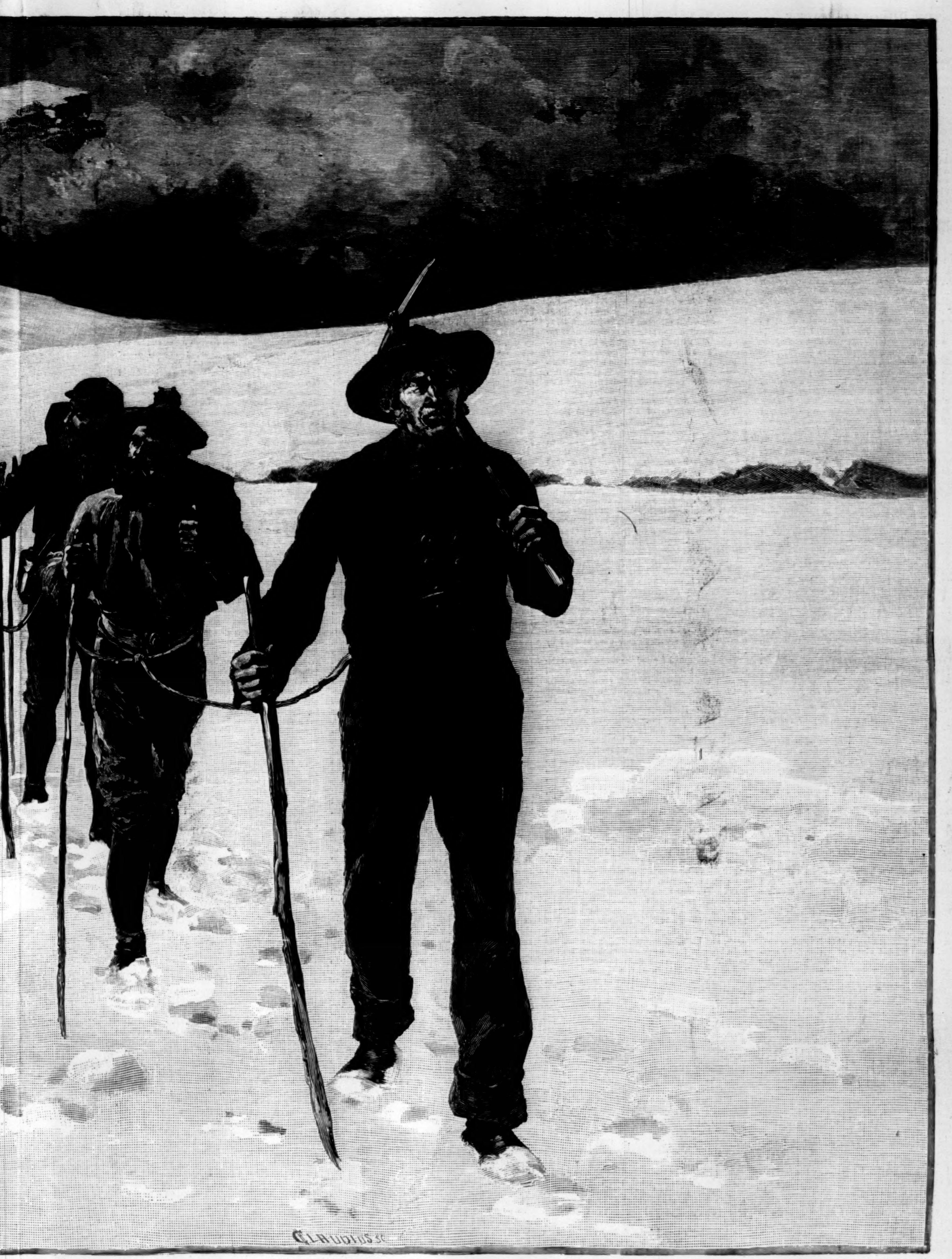
TOURISTS CROSSING A NORWEGIAN GLACIER (SOART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RTISEN, JOTUNHEIM).—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 638.]

THE HUMORS OF JACKY BUNDLE.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Cavillator facie magis quam facetiis ridiculus."
—*Cicero ad Atticum.*

I.

Mr. John Bundle was a person of such good dispositions that ever since he was a little boy until now, when he was thirty, people had been calling him *Jacky*. He was a lover of good things in general, including a good story, or even a good anecdote, provided they were not very long; but most of all, he loved the good wife whom undeservedly, as he often acknowledged, Heaven had sent him. A man of much modesty, he would never undertake the part of narrator—that is, to any extent; yet his native sense of fitness made him quick to detect a flaw in the recital of another, and sometimes by a word or two of brief comment he diverted a laugh from the tale to its teller, and thus, without any degree of ambition on that line, carried off its honors. Nobody could have been more innocent of provoking resentment by what little jocoseness was in him. Yet, so it is, not many persons enjoy having the points of their own stories turned upon themselves. Notably the case was thus with Mr. Reddick Sanders, who long had indulged the belief that perhaps he was the best story-teller in the neighborhood, if indeed a better could be found in any other. The failure of Mr. Bundle to recognize the full justice of this claim, Mr. Sanders had attributed partly to jealousy, but mainly to stupidity, and often in a compassionate, confidential way, while gently patting with his finger his own forehead, he spoke softly of what he called Mr. Bundle's upper story. Therefore people were surprised one Saturday evening, at Hines's store, by a sudden violent ebullition of wrath on the part of Mr. Sanders toward one admitted to be not fully responsible for his actions. The occasion was thus: To about a dozen gentlemen there met, Mr. Sanders related an anecdote that he had picked up somewhere, and everybody laughed with a heartiness that to any reasonable habitual narrator ought to have been satisfactory. But being ambitious, he thought he could improve the success already achieved by repeating his anecdote, and in the very same words. To his chagrin silence accompanied, as Milton on a certain occasion remarked in "Paradise Lost." This action seemed to Mr. Bundle to have been injudicious, and resting his cheek upon his thumb and forefinger, he said, calmly, yet with seriousness:

"Red, that's twicet you've told that joke, twicet hand runnin', and it look like right thar's whar you made your mistakes, ef anywhars."

The laughter, delayed till now, broke forth in loud explosion. Yet, if people will believe me, Mr. Sanders, instead of receiving this monitory remark in a thankful spirit, was wrought into high passion, and shaking his fist at Mr. Bundle, said:

"You incontempible ornary an' egiot! 'Twer'n't for your wife, an' 'twer'n't you got no better sense than to be interruptin' people that has sense, I'd give you a few lessins for your imp'dence."

"Come, now, Red," said one of the company, "Jacky had no idees of hurtin' your feelin's. Did you, Jacky?"

"Why, no," answered Mr. Bundle, in perfect innocence. "Iv *course* not. I wouldn't hurt Red Sanders's feelin's, not for his wife's sake, let alone of his'n. I thes wanted to splain to the feller whar he counted wrong in his talk. I beg your pardon, Red; that's that I beg it for Patsy's sake ef not yourn."

Mr. Sanders accepted the *amende*; but he intimated that, after having submitted from family considerations to several thousands of such indignities, a very few thousands more would inevitably provoke the punishment which so long had been delayed.

"Ever see sech a hellaballoo about a poor little joke!" said Mr. Bundle, turning away; "and it spilet whut little were in it by tellin' of it twicet hand runnin'. My! me! my!"

They were brothers-in-law, Mrs. Bundle being Nancy, and Mrs. Sanders Patsy, daughters of the widow Lavy, on Shoulderbone Creek. The sisters, excellent women both, were devoted to each other, and they got along with almost no complaining at their husbands, although these, the neighbors thought, might have tried harder at least to make it appear that they came somewhere in the neighborhood of deserving such wives. Yet they were moderately industrious, kept out of debt, and except on election days, muster days, Fourth of July days, and Christmas days, seldom took too much. Big fellows they were—strong, healthy, hearty. Of the two, Mr. Bundle was more liked in the neighborhood. Accommodating as unpretending, he was a famous sitter up with the sick, and a helper in the burying of the dead. Mr. Sanders, aboundingly cordial in expressions of sympathy, extended overflowing consent to his wife's ministrations to suffering in every shape, and, as he believed, experienced a temperate enjoyment of the thanks paid by the lowly for such unselfish condescension. Often he had acknowledged to himself and to the world that, for the sake of decency, if nothing more, he had tried to endure the close relationship between himself and such a man as Jacky Bundle; but he must say often with frankness that people need not be surprised if some day something of some sort, in some way or another, should break loose, when Jacky Bundle, at last found utterly indocile to good sense and respectable manners, might be flung, backhanded as it were, into the ditch, and, so far as Mr. Sanders was concerned, left there. Rather overbearing by nature, he had become more so from habitual impact with a yieldingness exceptionally uncomplaining. His own vast volubility of words had served to make him feel contempt for the few employed, and they in usually modest, subdued tones, by his brother-in-law, and it surprised him, but disgusted more, when the latter made an impression which with much elaboration he had striven for in vain.

"Sech as that," over and over Mr. Sanders had said in others' hearing, "bound to come to a head *some* time. For Patsy's sake, and 'special' Nancy's, I be'n a-enduren and a-puttin' off. But I be'n told, and that by old people that knowed what they talkin' about, that they is sech a thing as breakin' even of a camel's back, hump and all, with feathers, if you keep a-pilin' 'em on top of him or her, as the case mout be, for with sech people the seck of a animal make no deffe'nce. But as for me, I'm a-gittin' of tired of sech a low-down piece o' business."

II.

Hutson's Court ground, three miles southwest of our village, had the honor of being chosen for the muster on this occasion. The district then was far more densely populated than now. In their fiery energy the first settlers tore up the red soil in this fertile and most fair hill region, and then, believing it exhausted, sold their homesteads at small cash prices, and moved onward to other conquests in the West. After they had gone, and after these lands had rested, the old-field pine took the places of the oak, hickory, walnut, and cucumber, and a new face of the earth showed that exhaustion was a thing that it had never as much as thought of. But this is parenthetical, an unpremeditated expression of admiration for my dear old native region that has kept rich instead of growing poor amid disasters of so many kinds. In the time whereof I am telling this little story of humble country folk, the battalion could muster five hundred militia, from eighteen to forty-five, variously equipped with implements of war, from fire-arms of every existing species and every condition of dilapidation, to riding switches cut from the hickory-tree. No store was there, and no other houses, except the magistrate's mansion and out-buildings and a shed on the other side of the public road, under which his court held its monthly sessions. Yet on such occasions was to be had a plenty of such things as it was foreseen that this portion of the State's military force would believe itself to need for comfortable endurance of the heat and burthen. Elderly ladies were there, with joint stools at the rear of their one-horse wagons, in which were ginger-cakes and beer made from the persimmon and the honey-locust. Elderly or otherwise exempt gentlemen brought in ox carts, among other things, jugs containing what some persons then considered, as some do now, an excellent invention for the heart of man in gladsome mood or sorrowful. Other exempts had ovens for the corn pone, griddles for the hoe-cake, pots of coffee, bottles of molasses, kegs of buttermilk, and pits from which ascended and permeated hundreds of square rods of circumambient air as mouth-watering scents as ever were snuffed by the nose of man.

To the open field beyond the mansion from the court ground the various companies were marched at such intervals and in such order as officers and men understood or regarded. When all were there in satisfactory martial array, it was interesting to note the unwarlike, occasional gay composure of privates, even subalterns, compared with the fearful passion of the major, as, clothed in new regalia (suspected of being the occasion for the order for the present parade), lightning in his eye, thunder in his voice, he galloped up and down, and up and down, shouting the while as if all the enemies of the country were at the foot of the hill just beyond Beaver Dam Creek, preparing to cross that very last of the nation's defences, assail an unoffending, free, but unprepared people, and reduce them to everlasting bondage. On the other hand, the soldiers, apparently indifferent to the menacing fate, lounged in discussions and jests upon neighborhood topics, swapped knives, whittled sticks, some even taking hands in brief games of old sledge or mumble peg, kneeling on the soft, clean Bermuda grass. Yet they heartily cheered their major in his gallant endeavors to save the State, whose destinies for the time being had been put in his hands. After an hour or so, when the voice of the hero from exhaustion could be heard no more, and his steed was reeking, as if news had been brought from outposts that the enemy had thought best to retire from Beaver Dam, the forces left the field in such irregular leisure as becomes men who feel themselves in no need of guides to conduct them to familiar places.

The battalion thus resolved into its constituent elements repaired variously as suited their several instincts. The sober-minded set out for their homes; the rest lingered, some to enact and some to witness such interesting scenes as the occasion was like to improvise. Not a few old misunderstandings and some suddenly risen were settled during that afternoon, and many a game was played at pitching silver dollars, marbles, foot-racing, vaulting, ball, and others. Mr. Sanders was in excellent feather, having discharged his duties of orderly sergeant as satisfactorily as if he had known what they were; Mr. Bundle also, as high a private as any, was conscious of having done all that was needed from a modest citizen of a free country on the present occasion. True, he had gotten a rebuke while marching to the field, the only one administered by a subaltern on that day.

"Privick Bundle," said Sergeant Sanders, "you'll obleege me by tryin' to keep some sort o' step with somebody ef you can't do it 'ith yourself."

"Yes, *sir*," answered the delinquent. "I be'n a-doin' my level best to keep it along o' you, sergeant, but blest ef you ain't too onreg'lar for me."

The laugh raised by this answer was carried up and down the line.

"*Silence!*" shouted the major, and let his steed curvet in admonition.

Notwithstanding this exception, Mr. Bundle felt entire contentment in his mind. Later in the day, as he was moving along leisurely past the gate of Mrs. Mohorn's wagon in the direction of one of the ox carts beyond, she said:

"Jacky Bundle, you've already drunk as much sperrits to-day as is good for you. You better stop right here, and spend the thrip or the sev'n pence you got left in your pocket right at this here waggin here than to be a-goin' a-home a-makin' o' Nancy ashamed o' you, an' you a-feelin' to-morrer mornin' a-like your head was a-goin' to bu'st open to boot. Now don't you think so yourself, and in the honest truth?"

Now Mr. Bundle had great respect for Mrs. Mohorn, the greater because of the admiration and affection which he knew that excellent woman to have for his own dear wife. So he halted, and looking solemnly at the lady, answered, "Missis Mohorn, I does, I actuil does, and I thanky for your adwices."

Taking from his pocket his remnant of change—a couple of thripensapennies—he peacefully ate his cake, drank his two cups of persimmon, wiped his mouth, rose, and thanked again, as a gentleman ought. She put the coins in her home-knit woollen purse in the manner of a person who was conscious of having rendered a kind service and been reasonably remunerated.

"And now, Jacky," she added, as he was turning to leave, "if I was in your place I'd go straight to my horse, and I'd onhitch him from the saplin', and I'd git on his back, and I'd go straight on home. I wouldn't wait for Red Sanders, not me. I wouldn't. He's over thar with a passel o' men on them benches behint the court-'ouse, a-tellin' of his tales, and them a-laughing at 'em, or at him, one or t'other, and there ain't no tellin' when sech as that is a-comin' to a eend, and the wife you've got, Jacky Bundle, oughtn't to not be kep' oneasy about her own husband and companion more than what can be holp. Is them your opinions, Jacky Bundle, er is they not? Answer fa'r and squar'."

"Missis Mohorn," he answered, solemnity now sunk to its profoundest, "they is. A good-evenin' to you, and I thanky agin."

As he moved slowly away, Mrs. Mohorn, more in soliloquy than minding to impart expression of her thoughts to her little granddaughter, whom she had taken with her as a companion, said, looking at the departing form: "As good a man as ever lived, 'twer'n't he will git disgraisedid with too much sperrits; worth a cow-pen full o' sech as Red Sanders."

With as honorable intentions as any man ever had to go on home without delay, Mr. Bundle walked to the spot on the edge of the wood where his horse was standing. He was pleased with the low, affectionate whicker that saluted his approach. But just as he was drawing down the pliant hickory limb to which the halter was attached, shouts of laughter from the court-yard pealed forth so exuberant that Mr. Bundle let loose the twig, and said: "Troup, my boy, wait a leetle, thes a leetle longer, on Marse Jacky, till he go and see whut *is* the fun at the court-'ouse. He won't be gone a-long, and when we git home you shall have six more year o' corn and a bundle o' fodder more'n common—blamed if you sha'n't!"

Troup replied with a subdued, patient whinny, and his master turned back. Complimenting himself for leaving voluntarily the main crowd that were yet lingering in the various pastimes beyond the mansion, he thought he might take this final indulgence for a brief time, the sun being yet high enough for him to get home some time before its going down. Just as he reached the court-yard, Mr. Sanders, whose back was toward the comer, rose from his seat, overflowing with gleefulness, and said:

"Gentlemen, I hain't yit told you my best story—best thing ever heerd in your life. I got it over in Putnam last week. I hain't yit told it even to Jacky Bundle, because Jacky one o' them kind o' fellers that you got to thes *ram* a good thing into o' him before you can git him to under— Why, hello! Jacky, that you? I thought you done gone on home. Glad you hain't; I were about tellin' the boys a joke I got 'cross the Oconee. Best thing ever heerd in your life. Set down till I git through, and when we has a little more fun we'll break up and go home together."

Mr. Bundle, regarding his brother-in-law with humblest respect, sat down on a bench, last in the row, and nudging the friend next him, whispered, "Thar it is agin, sp'ilin' his joke, even ef it's a good 'n, by braggin' on it hisself, and that before he tell it."

The speaker evidently was set back somewhat by the unexpected apparition of Mr. Bundle, of whom he had just spoken in not respectful terms, and by the smiles at the whispering that he himself had not overheard. However, trusting in his own powers and the merits of his theme, he boldly put forth. The story was about a very green rustic in Putnam, who not long back had married a girl so far his superior that for this reason alone he had become jealous. As the narration advanced with irrelevant circumstantiality, Mr. Bundle, more and more intent, moved gradually but most humbly nearer. The audience winked at one another, yet seemed reasonably expectant of the climax, which promised, if it should ever be reached, to be satisfactory.

"Jack Bundle," suddenly cried Mr. Sanders, in something of a fret, "if you'll try to keep still, I'll go on with my tale."

"Beg your pardon a thousand times, Red," was answered, with deepest humility. "From what you said, and from the way you let off from the jump, I see she were a-goin' to be oncommon good, and I were only thes a-tryin' to git as nigh you as I could, so as to not lose none even o' the drippin's. Do, please, for gracious' sake! do peerten up, and don't keep the augence a-waitin' to hear what 'come o' the cussed fool. Didn't the young 'oman's kinfolks kill him and cut him up and fling him to the dogs?"

The crowd, unable to refrain, burst into loud laughter. Smarting beneath the ridicule thus put upon him, Mr. Sanders rushed upon the intruder, and gave him a push that prostrated him upon his back.

Now it seemed unfortunate for Mr. Bundle that at that very instant loud cries from many voices came from the main crowd in the field beyond Hutson's, proclaiming that Robert Hackett and William Giles, the two most noted fighters in the district, were stripped for yet another trial of manhood. To this scene, likely to be far more interesting, every man, save two, at the court-ground rushed, and the brothers-in-law were left to themselves.

III.

More entertaining as it might be to follow the rest, who, with ejaculations of various kinds, were hurrying to the struggle of more doughty combatants, I must linger with Mr. Bundle, upon whom Mr. Sanders had thrown himself in wrath, and was beginning to pay off some of the debt which he felt to be due. Finding himself in such unexpected and inconvenient situation, he cried lustily to his neighbors to remove from his breast the superincumbent weight, and let the encounter, if nothing else would satisfy Mr. Sanders, be had upon terms at least approximating equality.

"You, Jake Powers! you, Ab Perkins! you, Joe Askew! Whar in the thunder is all of you that you won't pull this fool off'n me, and let me have a fa'r chance to cope along 'ith him? Whar *is* you all goned?"

"Goned, sir! Don't you hear the eecho?" said Mr. Sanders, more irate, vengeful, and contemptuous perhaps because of their family relationship. Yet feeling secure from interference during the combat two hundred yards distant, which he judged, from his knowledge of the combatants, would be prolonged, he was deliberate in his inflictions. Mr. Bundle, on the contrary, with pokings among his ribs, notwithstanding his generally uniform temper, was growing impatient, even disgusted.

"Ain't they *nobody*," he plained from his lowly position, "that have the sense to jerk this everlastin' cuss from off'n top o' me? Is everybody done turned fool and goned away?"

The answer made by echo to these pointed inquiries was to the effect that she knew no person that was adequate, or, if so, was disposed for the above.

Mr. Sanders, in the interstices of his pokings, like other great men who in fully successful situations are prone to vaunt their forbearance and general magnanimity, reminded Mr. Bundle of the pains that he had taken to make something respectable out of him, and of what he had to endure from his stupid indocility and even his occasional impudence, all for the sake of his wife and children. Feeling that he could afford to be generous in the offer of terms, in special consideration of inevitable family ties, at length he said: "Jack Bundle—I won't call you *Jacky*, for that sound like I keered somethin' for you, which I don't, after all your meanness—everybody have gone to the fight 'twixt Bob Hackett an' Bill Giles, which your fool imp'dence have hendered me a-seein'. I owe you somethin' for that too. Howbeever, as your wife is Nancy Lavy, which that's she's the own dear sister o' my wife, a-not-'ithstandin' the poor innicent girl flung herself away when she took up along 'ith you, yit if you'll promis' me to behave yourself, an' keep your mouth shet when I'm a-talkin' an' a-narratin' things that you never yit *has* had the sense to understan' 'em an' to wally 'em, well, sir, in them ewents I lets you up, an' ef not, I perceeds to jolt you in the ribs."

"Red Sanders," answered the fallen man, firm as the ground on which he lay, "you may jolt on if you're mean enough to do it 'ith the 'vantage you got o' me suddent and onexpected, but ruther 'n I'll make any sech promus, I'll see you in *Mexico*, by blood! or any tother o' the tremenjousest islants that the jography books *tells* about, sir."

The fact is, that Jacky Bundle, for the first time within anybody's recollection, became utterly disgusted with the extremity to which he had been reduced, and brother-in-law or no brother-in-law, he made up his mind that—

But here I think it well to record some additional friendly interference on the part of Mrs. Mohorn. Hearing the plaining tones that came from the court-yard, leaving all except her money purse with her granddaughter, she hastened to the unhappy scene, and was horrified to see Jacky Bundle, whom she well liked, beneath Reddick Sanders, whom she liked not at all.

"The good laws have mercies on us all," she cried, "and 'special' poor Jacky Bundle!" She looked around a moment, presumably for something with which she might help her fallen friend; but finding none, gathering in one hand her skirts, and extending the other on high, she strode toward the field, screaming: "'Ain't you people got no senses and no hearts inside o' you, that Bill Giles and Bob Hackett a-everlastin' a-fightin' make you don't keer for po' Jacky Bundle, that that mean Red Sanders have already beat him to a jelly among them benches behint the court-'ouse, that the po' creeter can't even cherrip? Is this the sort o' country we has to live in, that people is a-goin' to let people be beat to death, and them that has famblies an' is innicint as Jacky Bundle, that I thought, on my soul, he was done goned home tell I heerd his dyin' speeches thar 'mong them benches?"

At the moment of her reaching the field the Giles-Hackett conflict was brought to an end, Mr. Hackett this time handing in his word. At Mrs. Mohorn's appeal, several men, with ejaculations of great surprise, made haste to repair to the court-yard.

In the meanwhile some change had taken place in the relations of the couple of gentlemen who had been left to themselves in such interesting exigent circumstances. Matters had grown so monotonous with Mr. Bundle that at the very moment of Mrs. Mohorn's departure for means for his rescue he said:

"Lookee here, Red Sanders, this business is gettin' tiresome. Let me up. I'm not a-goin' to promus you *nothin'* flat o' my back, and 'special' about your everlasting horn-blowin's. Let me up, I tell you."

"No, sir; not after sech words as them."

At that juncture it so happened, as the hand that held down his opponent became disengaged momentarily with intent to gain a firmer grip, Mr. Sanders, by a sudden, powerful movement of Mr. Bundle, was overthrown once, yea twice, and then came prone, with his whole front upon the ground, wedged between one of the benches and an oak sapling near by. With neither more nor less haste than necessary, Mr. Bundle put himself astride of Mr. Sanders's back, and then for a brief while seemed to deliberate what he should do next. After sufficient reflection, he pinioned the gentleman's arms beneath his own knees, wound his hands in the long hair beneath, and apparently decided to make a pick of the head it covered.

"Jack Bundle," cried Mr. Sanders, in an interval of resting from the work on hand, "I wouldn't of believed that sech onfeelin' meanness was in any white man, not to say nothin' about a man's own brer-in-law and the companion of his own wife's dear sister, that it do look like a pity that two wimming that love one 'nother like Patsy Lavy and Nancy Lavy that was, should have to fall out and be sip'rated in this kind o' style; that as for *me*, I wouldn't treat a dog so, not even a mean sheep-stealin' dog."

Mr. Bundle, a man of fewest words, was not inclined to waste argument on a case already adjudicated after rather troublesome litigation, but continued leisurely to peck the ground with the instrument improvised for the purpose and occasion.

"For the good Lord's sake, Jacky Bundle," cried Mr. Sanders, at another pause in the operation, "stop this oudacious foolishness, that it's a-puttin' out my eyes out and a-mashin' off my nose off, and ef you don't I'll put the law on you; I will pos'tive and perp'ndicklar."

"Oh, I know, Red," answered Mr. Bundle, with the cool sense of security becoming one in his position, "I know how to keep inside o' the law. I thes want to pay back what I owe you, with lawful intrust a-added on to it. I ain't a-nigh done 'ith it yit. But I has kincluded in my mind that ef you'll promise me one thing I'll git off'n you, and ef you don't I'm a-gwine to keep on a-diggin' with your head tell I strike water in this court-'ouse yard, hard trod as the ground is by tramplin' for thirty year and better."

"Name your terms, then, and name 'em quick, for I can't stand sech as this much longer; but, Jacky," he added, in affectionate, pleading tone, "I should supposen that in sech a onfort'n't kindition a man's own dear brer-in-law mout natchel take in the sitooation o' the case in his mind, and kinsider his own, well as t'other people's, latter eend, and to not be too hard on his own wife's own dear brer-in-law, which, if I has ever be'n flung onexpected intoo jes sech a case, I don't 'members it."

Mr. Bundle, disengaging his fingers, lifted, spread apart, and cooled them; then taking a yet more luxuriant hold upon the luxuriant locks, and slightly elevating the head below, thus answered: "Yes, sir. Well, the terms is these and them: that you got to let up for one whole blessed year from this day and date in the tellin' o' your insignifkint tales, that they has wore people out a-list'nin' to 'em. Your very wife, Red Sanders, that you good as swo' to pertect, have be'n pessecuted by your everlastin' woices to that that she's got to be thin as a shad a-goin' down stream. Ner neither is *my* wife, which she is her own dear sister, even she is not nigh the woman she was from your deternal gab, no, sir, not even in her flesht and bloods; and everybody else is that disgussed that— What you say, Reddock Sanders, to the above?"

He concluded with a tightning of his grip.

"I s'pose I'll have to promise, Jacky, as they ain't no gittin' around it in the fix I'm in."

"'Tain't no *havin'* to do about it, sir. It's got to be done, and it's got to be did fa'r and squar', and no bones. Does you do it? Talk quick."

"I does."

"And sw'ars to it?"

"I does—in them words."

"All right. Hello, boys?" Mr. Bundle asked, as he rose, of the men who, having followed Mrs. Mohorn, had returned. One of them answered:

"Never see a pootier fight; but Bob had to give in this time. That set Bill two in five, and as he ris off'n Bob, he told him the next turn would fetch him even 'ith him. Bob laughed, he did, bunged up as he were, and he said, 'All right, Bill; we'll see.' Then they went to Jim Simmons's kyart to take a drink, which Bill he 'sisted on payin' the expense. But my goodness, Jacky, what's all been to pay 'twixt you and Red? Mrs. Mohorn scared us all out a year's growth apiece, sayin' Red had you down, and was a-maulin' the breath out o' you. But Red, the way his nose is skint, look like *he* had the worst of it. Nobody had a idee that you two, brer-in-laws at that, was a-goin' into a reg'lar scrimmage, and that about nothin'."

"No, I supposen not," replied Mr. Bundle. "Soon as you all left, Red he lit on to me, and I hollered for some o' you to take him off tell my throat got sore, and then I accident fetched him a turn, and now we are about even—ain't we, Red?"

Mr. Sanders took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, softly patted his nose, combed his hair with his fingers, and nodded a vague, silent, respectful response.

"But, Red," asked Mr. Powers, "you never finished your story. Whatever *did* become o' that feller?"

"I can't tell you honible, Jake," he answered, solemnly, and immediately turning away, went for his horse. Indeed it was time for those who lived several miles away to be gone, yet Mrs. Mohorn would delay Mr. Bundle somewhat longer.

"Come a-right along 'ith me, Jacky," she said, taking him by one of his coat tails. Having marched him to her wagon and planted him on one of her stools, "Thar!" she said; "ef ever I see a body that he have deserved to have a gingy-cake and a cup of beer free gratis and for nothin', it's you, Jacky Bundle;" and she made him eat to the last crumb, and drink to the last drop.

"Not only so," Mr. Bundle said to his wife that night, "but she actuil tuck out her box these couple o' her biggest, brownest thrip cakes, and 'ithout a-even a-openin' o' her mouth about the money, she thes flung 'em in my lap, she did, and she says, 'Jacky, take them cakes home, and give one to Nancy, and diwide the tother 'mong the children.' And she say, and don't forgit that, honey, that she ruth'r that wouldn't git to the ear o' the old man Leadbetter, as, bein' the deacon, he might feel his juty to fetch it up in the church as a-lookin' like a encour'gement to fightin'. We must be wery partic'lar about that."

It was so late when the statute of limitations began to run, after the unsealing of the mouth of Mr. Sanders, that, to the best of my recollection, it was never known precisely what were the results of the conjugal unpleasantness on the other side of the Oconee.

THE HAMMOCKS ON THE BEACH.

They do things differently at Brighton, Dieppe, or Scheveningen. You may take your sea plunge abroad from the convenient aquatic vehicle, and find your dressing-room in the four-wheeler. At Scheveningen there are in use peculiar wicker basket chairs, and it is *de rigueur* that you should sun yourself in them on the sands. Nobody but an American could have thought of the application of the hammock to the sea-side. It is to Atlantic City that this happy thought is due. Slung from tree to tree in a shady grove, or swung in some cool veranda, the hammock had before its mission, but a new sphere of usefulness has now been discovered for it. The advantages of a sea installation are manifest. You can hang your hammock in close proximity to the breakers; near enough, if you please, to catch the flying spume, and so get a saline shower-bath. According to where you locate it, various effects can be produced. There is something delightful to be in the hammock and to watch the great broad lakes of water come in, flooding the beach, and to see them slide back again. At times a turbulent wave, breaking bounds, will tumble against the hammock and impart motion to the occupant. As will be noticed in the illustration, the hammocks are placed head on to the seas, for then the danger of being pitched out is lessened.

When there is a good breeze blowing straight across the Atlantic Ocean, there is nothing more fascinating than to watch a line of these hammocks. To their supports are attached flags and streamers, which flutter vigorously. As the sun glares on the white sands, complexions might be spoiled, so the hammocks are provided with awnings. As these strips of many-hued canvas catch the wind they snap and buckle. If it be a still, quiet day, when hammocks are motionless, they give that necessary condition of repose which befits at times a sea picture. To the artistic eye there can be nothing more exhilarating, however, than when there is a tearing breeze. Then to kaleidoscopic effects of color are added the merry cries of the bathers, and the chatter and laughter of the occupants of the hammocks, for when hammocks are pitched close to thunderous seas the chances of a doze are quite out of the question.

TWO CHINESE INSTITUTIONS.

THE CHEF.

John Chinaman is a warm lover of good living. The moment he makes money he desires to celebrate it by a dinner—to himself if luck is but moderate, and to his friends if the fickle goddess has been over-generous. In New York he supports no less than six restaurants. These are all prosperous, and so well managed that they have gained a notable number of Caucasian customers.

Readers of the daily press know what strange dishes and stranger customs mark these eating-houses. Dinners that begin with candied fruits and close with delicate soups and crystallized flowers; delicacies from Corea, Japan, Tonquin, and Manchooria; liqueurs such as no chemist ever distilled; *menus* of fifty courses—these are all household words to the American public. It knows little or nothing, however, of the kitchen and its master, the *chef*. The former compares favorably with that of our great hotels. It is open, light, and well ventilated. It is also remarkably neat and clean. By some singular custom it is almost always visible from the dining-room. The guest has the right to enter its precinct and see if the cook is obeying orders, and if all the dishes desired are made from proper materials. This privilege is eagerly utilized by Mongolian *bons vivants*, who frequently make rows over the stove or kettle that would petrify a French *chef* with amazement. But few dishes are ready-made. Raw materials are prepared for almost every possible order, and seldom require more than five minutes in cooking. The Chinese system of eating lends itself well to this practice. All bulky foods are served and eaten in pieces not larger than the end of the thumb. A chicken's heart, for example, is cut into four slices; the liver into eight; an onion is almost shredded; while a pigeon's breast is chopped into dice as small as a pea. Another aid to quick cooking is high heat. The almond-eyed cook uses kiln-dried hickory or oak for fuel, and makes so hot a fire that water over it explodes rather than boils, and oil becomes a seething mass of liquid and vapor. A dish served under this *régime* is never cold; usually it is red-hot.

Dishes are never served "by portions." The guest estimates his appetite, and orders accordingly. If not hungry, he will order, for example, "five cents perfumed pork"; if possessing a good appetite, ten; if hungry, fifteen; and if famished, twenty. The quantity ordered is measured out almost mathematically.

When patrons leave food upon the board it does not become a perquisite of the cook's. If still in good eatable condition, it is put aside for the poor, sick, and unfortunate. If in bad condition, it belongs to the cats. If very bad, it is sold to fat collectors, or to the poverty-stricken Italian speculators, who peddle it to still poorer sons of ancient Rome.

Life in a Chinese kitchen is onerous, to say the least. Early in the morning, long before most good Christians are awake, the *chef* is out buying goods in Fulton and Washington markets. At seven he is ready to give breakfast to early risers or late night-owls. He is busy all day, but manages to snatch a nap or two in quiet hours. Evening brings another rush of trade, and not until midnight or later are the lights extinguished and the doors closed for good. Despite this unhygienic time-table he seems to thrive. Of the leading cooks of Chinatown not one is weak or sickly. One in particular, who has a strong penchant for the tiger and the green cloth, and has already won and lost more than a hundred thousand dollars, seems as well preserved to-day as when he started business in Mott Street eight years ago.

The Chinese idea would receive hearty approval from Brillat-Savarin or Sam Ward. It recognizes the *chef* as an artist, and treats and pays him accordingly. When employed he receives from forty to one hundred and fifty dollars per month, his board, lodging, tobacco, and stimulants. As, unlike his American colleague, he regards it as bad form to wear any but the poorest working clothes during working hours, it is easily seen that his wages are almost clear profit. In technique he approaches the artists of France. He will mount a roast bird with pastry legs and heads, re-cover it with the plumage, and serve it in a wilderness of parsley and water-cress so artistically that at the first sight the thing seems alive and sentient.

Another common device is to "blow eggs," fill them with differently flavored and colored jellies or custards, close the apertures, and serve them in apparently perfect condition. The Chinese *chef* is always educated and generally well-read. Like those who toil in our kitchens, he uses a cookery-book, but, unlike our manufacturers of dyspepsia and disappointment, he supplements it by his own researches and recipes, and so earns the hearty esteem in which he is held by his fellow-Mongolians.

THE SHRINE.

There are two Chinese churches or joss-houses in New York, one of which is at No. 12 Chatham Square, and the other at No. 10 Pell Street. The two are closely alike. Each occupies an entire floor of the building, and is fitted up in a manner that strangely illustrates the mingling of Oriental and Occidental ideas. A board partition divides the loft into a large apartment, which is used for church and other purposes, and into two small rooms, one of which is set apart for the priest or custodian of the shrine.

The church at first sight suggests an American club-room. Around the room is a long line of substantial chairs and little tables such as were formerly fashionable for window decoration. In the middle are large tables provided with stools, writing paraphernalia, and a few books. From the ceiling hang chandeliers of cut crystal and gaudy brass-work. The floor is covered with heavy oil-cloth, and the windows are furnished with ordinary shades, and Nottingham lace curtains hang from portière bars. But here the resemblance ends. The chairs and tables are of solid ebony, massive in their parts, and made to last a century. The French chandeliers are separated by quaintly carved and painted lanterns which resemble miniature pagodas. The walls are covered by interminable scarlet bulletins and hangers. The former are inscribed with the names of members, accounts of subscriptions and contributions, business notices, and official news; the latter with quotations from the great poets, moralists, and philosophers of the race. What few pictures are crowded in come from Eastern studios, and display a perspective, coloring, and drawing worthy of the small boy who tries his first box of tinted crayons.

One end of the room is occupied by the altar, a wonderful product of the carver's and sculptor's art. As the eye rests upon it, it seems merely a symmetric and very graceful design in architectural style and ornamentation, covered and massed in gold. The outlines are those of a square temple, just behind whose open doorway sits the Divine Being, ever ready to listen to those who come before His habitation. Over the temple are the leaves and branches of the grove in which the building is situated. A moment of close study shows the entire affair to be one mass of symbolism.

High in the centre is the sun, with effulgent rays, typifying the origin of all material life. Beneath him are the summits of the forests and mountains representing the heavens. In the former is the mother bird feeding its little brood, and the male and female songsters making love, symbolizing the maternal and the conjugal affection, the two highest in the universe. Over the architrave three dragons express the great forces which influence the world, material in character, yet possessed of awful intelligence, which is forever employed by the Supreme Being. Four beautiful pillars are the columns of the universe, up which crawl the serpents of evil, but which, as they reach the half-way point, are seized by great birds and torn to pieces. Two clocks with the hands stopped, and a sun-dial whose point is broken, suggest that future when time shall be no more. The pillars are upborne by dragons, as if to show that the divine forces are as much beneath us as above. In the base of the altar a rectangular opening filled with mimic coral, sea-weed, crabs, and lobsters indicates the waters beneath the earth. Two smaller openings, in which are tiny images dressed in the armor of long-past dynasties, speak of the past, on which the present is built. An ever-burning lamp in front typifies immortality. Gold lattice-work, behind which are imperfect mirrors, intimate that whoever looks into the future or the next life through any aperture except that of God will see only distorted images of himself. In the centre is the great door where, sitting back in the shadow, half visible and but seen in part, is Quong-He-Say-Gong, the Ruler of all things. On one side of Him is the evil tendency of life portrayed by a ferocious warrior, and on the other the good, by a beautiful woman, carrying in her arms the coffer of prosperity. Before the altar stands a table on which are great metal bowls filled with sand, in which smoulder incense sticks, vases laden with artificial flowers, and other equally curious church furniture.

The church is open always and open to all. Believer and unbeliever are welcome to pray, to sit, to talk, and even to smoke, sip tea or wine, exchange stories, and be at home. It never tries to make converts, and seldom if ever loses a votary. Yet to a close observer it seems a pleasant memory rather than a living fact, the survival of a great past which bides but a moment to likewise pass into oblivion.

THE SEA-SPIDER.

"The Sea-Spider" is the popular name given a new machine now to be seen off the Jersey coast, in the proximity of Atlantic City; but the inventor, the Rev. Ezra B. Lake, calls it "The Ocean Tricycle, or Sea-Wagon." Mr. Lake's idea seems to have been to make a mechanical device which could be propelled over a flat sea-bottom of not too great depth. The illustration gives an accurate idea of the Ocean Tricycle. Upon a platform, which may be designated as the body of the vehicle, there rises four standing beams of metal, which support the car, which car rises twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. This car will hold as many as forty people when crowded. Here too is the motor, which is a six-horse-power engine, non-explosive oil being the fuel for generating the steam. In the car is also held the fresh-water for producing the steam. The wheels, under the lower platform, are three, each one having a separate motion. These wheels may be reversed at will, so as to give facilities for turning. The whole machine is under the control of a pilot and engineer. The weight of the Ocean Tricycle is seven and one-half tons. When the machine was run it was found that the indentation on the dry sand made by the wheels was not more than two inches in depth, but that when in the water the rut made was much less. It is claimed for the machine that, owing to the buoyancy of the water and the denser packing of the sand, when moving through the sea there is forty per cent. less resistance than on the land.

It is not for pleasure excursions over summer seas at fashionable watering-places that the Ocean Tricycle has been invented and built. The end in view is to use it as a valuable adjunct to the Life-saving Service. The machine is reported to have made at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, trips of fully three-quarters of a mile out to sea, working readily in a depth of sixteen feet. At the first trials the height of the car was twenty feet above the sea-level, and no water was taken by the occupants; but it has now been raised five feet more. If wrecks occur, then, in a depth of water of not more than from sixteen to eighteen feet, it is quite probable that the Ocean Tricycle could reach such a wreck, and take the people off the stranded vessel. It may be said that off the Jersey coast the sea-bottom has a very gradual slope, and that deep water is fairly distant from shore. Vessels are driven on to the sands where the shallows are. It becomes evident that a machine of this character would have to be placed under the control of an experienced pilot, who would have to know the exact depths along the coast. Where there were sudden depressions of the sea-bottom, or where there were ledges of rocks, the Ocean Tricycle would be of no avail. Though the force of the waves in their solid impact is enormous, there is no reason to doubt but that, as there is free passage for the water through the machine, there would be but little chance of the Ocean Tricycle toppling over.

There are many long stretches off our coast where such a machine, if its practical value were tested, would be of great use. People who are not familiar with the seas do not know how many shipwrecks occur close to the land, or how near is the danger line. Men drown, the life beaten out of them by the heavy surges, within a hundred feet of the shore. There would be something imposing in the slow march of a machine like the Ocean Tricycle through a heavy sea, the surges tearing below her, until she reached the stranded vessel, and then rescuing the mariners from death. If experiment should show that the capabilities of the Sea-Spider are what the inventor claims, there would be no doubt of its being adopted at many of our life-saving stations.

THE HUMORS OF JACKY BUNDLE.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Cavillator facie magis quam facetiis ridiculus."
—*Cicero ad Atticum.*

I.

Mr. John Bundle was a person of such good dispositions that ever since he was a little boy until now, when he was thirty, people had been calling him *Jacky*. He was a lover of good things in general, including a good story, or even a good anecdote, provided they were not very long; but most of all, he loved the good wife whom undeservedly, as he often acknowledged, Heaven had sent him. A man of much modesty, he would never undertake the part of narrator—that is, to any extent; yet his native sense of fitness made him quick to detect a flaw in the recital of another, and sometimes by a word or two of brief comment he diverted a laugh from the tale to its teller, and thus, without any degree of ambition on that line, carried off its honors. Nobody could have been more innocent of provoking resentment by what little jocoseness was in him. Yet, so it is, not many persons enjoy having the points of their own stories turned upon themselves. Notably the case was thus with Mr. Reddick Sanders, who long had indulged the belief that perhaps he was the best story-teller in the neighborhood, if indeed a better could be found in any other. The failure of Mr. Bundle to recognize the full justice of this claim, Mr. Sanders had attributed partly to jealousy, but mainly to stupidity, and often in a compassionate, confidential way, while gently patting with his finger his own forehead, he spoke softly of what he called Mr. Bundle's upper story. Therefore people were surprised one Saturday evening, at Hines's store, by a sudden violent ebullition of wrath on the part of Mr. Sanders toward one admitted to be not fully responsible for his actions. The occasion was thus: To about a dozen gentlemen there met, Mr. Sanders related an anecdote that he had picked up somewhere, and everybody laughed with a heartiness that to any reasonable habitual narrator ought to have been satisfactory. But being ambitious, he thought he could improve the success already achieved by repeating his anecdote, and in the very same words. To his chagrin silence accompanied, as Milton on a certain occasion remarked in "Paradise Lost." This action seemed to Mr. Bundle to have been injudicious, and resting his cheek upon his thumb and forefinger, he said, calmly, yet with seriousness:

"Red, that's twicet you've told that joke, twicet hand runnin', and it look like right thar's whar you made your mistakes, ef anywhars."

The laughter, delayed till now, broke forth in loud explosion. Yet, if people will believe me, Mr. Sanders, instead of receiving this monitory remark in a thankful spirit, was wrought into high passion, and shaking his fist at Mr. Bundle, said:

"You incontempible ornary an' egiot! 'Twer'n't for your wife, an' 'twer'n't you got no better sense than to be interruptin' people that has sense, I'd give you a few lessins for your imp'dence."

"Come, now, Red," said one of the company, "Jacky had no idees of hurtin' your feelin's. Did you, Jacky?"

"Why, no," answered Mr. Bundle, in perfect innocence. "Iv *course* not. I wouldn't hurt Red Sanders's feelin's, not for his wife's sake, let alone of his'n. I thes wanted to splain to the feller whar he counted wrong in his talk. I beg your pardon, Red; that's that I beg it for Patsy's sake ef not yourn."

Mr. Sanders accepted the *amende;* but he intimated that, after having submitted from family considerations to several thousands of such indignities, a very few thousands more would inevitably provoke the punishment which so long had been delayed.

"Ever see sech a hellaballoo about a poor little joke!" said Mr. Bundle, turning away; "and it spilet whut little were in it by tellin' of it twicet hand runnin'. My! me! my!"

They were brothers-in-law, Mrs. Bundle being Nancy, and Mrs. Sanders Patsy, daughters of the widow Lavy, on Shoulderbone Creek. The sisters, excellent women both, were devoted to each other, and they got along with almost no complaining at their husbands, although these, the neighbors thought, might have tried harder at least to make it appear that they came somewhere in the neighborhood of deserving such wives. Yet they were moderately industrious, kept out of debt, and except on election days, muster days, Fourth of July days, and Christmas days, seldom took too much. Big fellows they were—strong, healthy, hearty. Of the two, Mr. Bundle was more liked in the neighborhood. Accommodating as unpretending, he was a famous sitter up with the sick, and a helper in the burying of the dead. Mr. Sanders, aboundingly cordial in expressions of sympathy, extended overflowing consent to his wife's ministrations to suffering in every shape, and, as he believed, experienced a temperate enjoyment of the thanks paid by the lowly for such unselfish condescension. Often he had acknowledged to himself and to the world that, for the sake of decency, if nothing more, he had tried to endure the close relationship between himself and such a man as Jacky Bundle; but he must say often with frankness that people need not be surprised if some day something of some sort, in some way or another, should break loose, when Jacky Bundle, at last found utterly indocile to good sense and respectable manners, might be flung, backhanded as it were, into the ditch, and, so far as Mr. Sanders was concerned, left there. Rather overbearing by nature, he had become more so from habitual impact with a yieldingness exceptionally uncomplaining. His own vast volubility of words had served to make him feel contempt for the few employed, and they in usually modest, subdued tones, by his brother-in-law, and it surprised him, but disgusted more, when the latter made an impression which with much elaboration he had striven for in vain.

"Sech as that," over and over Mr. Sanders had said in others' hearing, "bound to come to a head *some* time. For Patsy's sake, and 'special' Nancy's, I be'n a-enduren and a-puttin' off. But I be'n told, and that by old people that knowed what they talkin' about, that they is sech a thing as breakin' even of a camel's back, hump and all, with feathers, if you keep a-pilin' 'em on top of him or her, as the case mout be, for with sech people the seck of a animal make no deffe'nce. But as for me, I'm a-gittin' of tired of sech a low-down piece o' business."

II.

Hutson's Court ground, three miles southwest of our village, had the honor of being chosen for the muster on this occasion. The district then was far more densely populated than now. In their fiery energy the first settlers tore up the red soil in this fertile and most fair hill region, and then, believing it exhausted, sold their homesteads at small cash prices, and moved onward to other conquests in the West. After they had gone, and after these lands had rested, the old-field pine took the places of the oak, hickory, walnut, and cucumber, and a new face of the earth showed that exhaustion was a thing that it had never as much as thought of. But this is parenthetical, an unpremeditated expression of admiration for my dear old native region that has kept rich instead of growing poor amid disasters of so many kinds. In the time whereof I am telling this little story of humble country folk, the battalion could muster five hundred militia, from eighteen to forty-five, variously equipped with implements of war, from fire-arms of every existing species and every condition of dilapidation, to riding switches cut from the hickory-tree. No store was there, and no other houses, except the magistrate's mansion and out-buildings and a shed on the other side of the public road, under which his court held its monthly sessions. Yet on such occasions was to be had a plenty of such things as it was foreseen that this portion of the State's military force would believe itself to need for comfortable endurance of the heat and burthen. Elderly ladies were there, with joint stools at the rear of their one-horse wagons, in which were ginger-cakes and beer made from the persimmon and the honey-locust. Elderly or otherwise exempt gentlemen brought in ox carts, among other things, jugs containing what some persons then considered, as some do now, an excellent invention for the heart of man in gladsome mood or sorrowful. Other exempts had ovens for the corn pone, griddles for the hoe-cake, pots of coffee, bottles of molasses, kegs of buttermilk, and pits from which ascended and permeated hundreds of square rods of circumambient air as mouth-watering scents as ever were snuffed by the nose of man.

To the open field beyond the mansion from the court ground the various companies were marched at such intervals and in such order as officers and men understood or regarded. When all were there in satisfactory martial array, it was interesting to note the unwarlike, occasional gay composure of privates, even subalterns, compared with the fearful passion of the major, as, clothed in new regalia (suspected of being the occasion for the order for the present parade), lightning in his eye, thunder in his voice, he galloped up and down, and up and down, shouting the while as if all the enemies of the country were at the foot of the hill just beyond Beaver Dam Creek, preparing to cross that very last of the nation's defences, assail an unoffending, free, but unprepared people, and reduce them to everlasting bondage. On the other hand, the soldiers, apparently indifferent to the menacing fate, lounged in discussions and jests upon neighborhood topics, swapped knives, whittled sticks, some even taking hands in brief games of old sledge or mumble peg, kneeling on the soft, clean Bermuda grass. Yet they heartily cheered their major in his gallant endeavors to save the State, whose destinies for the time being had been put in his hands. After an hour or so, when the voice of the hero from exhaustion could be heard no more, and his steed was reeking, as if news had been brought from outposts that the enemy had thought best to retire from Beaver Dam, the forces left the field in such irregular leisure as becomes men who feel themselves in no need of guides to conduct them to familiar places.

The battalion thus resolved into its constituent elements repaired variously as suited their several instincts. The sober-minded set out for their homes; the rest lingered, some to enact and some to witness such interesting scenes as the occasion was like to improvise. Not a few old misunderstandings and some suddenly risen were settled during that afternoon, and many a game was played at pitching silver dollars, marbles, foot-racing, vaulting, ball, and others. Mr. Sanders was in excellent feather, having discharged his duties of orderly sergeant as satisfactorily as if he had known what they were; Mr. Bundle also, as high a private as any, was conscious of having done all that was needed from a modest citizen of a free country on the present occasion. True, he had gotten a rebuke while marching to the field, the only one administered by a subaltern on that day.

"Privick Bundle," said Sergeant Sanders, "you'll obleege me by tryin' to keep some sort o' step with somebody ef you can't do it 'ith yourself."

"Yes, *sir*," answered the delinquent. "I be'n a-doin' my level best to keep it along o' you, sergeant, but blest ef you ain't too onreg'lar for me."

The laugh raised by this answer was carried up and down the line.

"*Silence!*" shouted the major, and let his steed curvet in admonition.

Notwithstanding this exception, Mr. Bundle felt entire contentment in his mind. Later in the day, as he was moving along leisurely past the gate of Mrs. Mohorn's wagon in the direction of one of the ox carts beyond, she said:

"Jacky Bundle, you've already drunk as much sperrits to-day as is good for you. You better stop right here, and spend the thrip or the sev'n pence you got left in your pocket right at this here waggin here than to be a-goin' a-home a-makin' o' Nancy ashamed o' you, an' you a-feelin' tomorrer mornin' a-like your head was a-goin' to bu'st open to boot. Now don't you think so yourself, and in the honest truth?"

Now Mr. Bundle had great respect for Mrs. Mohorn, the greater because of the admiration and affection which he knew that excellent woman to have for his own dear wife. So he halted, and looking solemnly at the lady, answered, "Missis Mohorn, I does, I actuil does, and I thanky for your adwices."

Taking from his pocket his remnant of change—a couple of thripensapennies—he peacefully ate his cake, drank his two cups of persimmon, wiped his mouth, rose, and thanked again, as a gentleman ought. She put the coins in her home-knit woollen purse in the manner of a person who was conscious of having rendered a kind service and been reasonably remunerated.

"And now, Jacky," she added, as he was turning to leave, "if I was in your place I'd go straight to my horse, and I'd onhitch him from the saplin', and I'd git on his back, and I'd go straight on home. I wouldn't wait for Red Sanders, not me. I wouldn't. He's over thar with a passel o' men on them benches behint the court-'ouse, a-tellin' of his tales, and them a-laughing at 'em, or at him, one or t'other, and there ain't no tellin' when sech as that is a-comin' to a eend, and the wife you've got, Jacky Bundle, oughtn't to not be kep' oneasy about her own husband and companion more than what can be holp. Is them your opinions, Jacky Bundle, er is they not? Answer fa'r and squar'."

"Missis Mohorn," he answered, solemnity now sunk to its profoundest, "they is. A good-evenin' to you, and I thanky agin."

As he moved slowly away, Mrs. Mohorn, more in soliloquy than minding to impart expression of her thoughts to her little granddaughter, whom she had taken with her as a companion, said, looking at the departing form: "As good a man as ever lived, 'twer'n't he will git disgraisedid with too much sperrits; worth a cow-pen full o' sech as Red Sanders."

With as honorable intentions as any man ever had to go on home without delay, Mr. Bundle walked to the spot on the edge of the wood where his horse was standing. He was pleased with the low, affectionate whicker that saluted his approach. But just as he was drawing down the pliant hickory limb to which the halter was attached, shouts of laughter from the court-yard pealed forth so exuberant that Mr. Bundle let loose the twig, and said: "Troup, my boy, wait a leetle, thes a leetle longer, on Marse Jacky, till he go and see whut *is* the fun at the court-'ouse. He won't be gone a-long, and when we git home you shall have six more year o' corn and a bundle o' fodder more'n common—blamed if you sha'n't!"

Troup replied with a subdued, patient whinny, and his master turned back. Complimenting himself for leaving voluntarily the main crowd that were yet lingering in the various pastimes beyond the mansion, he thought he might take this final indulgence for a brief time, the sun being yet high enough for him to get home some time before its going down. Just as he reached the court-yard, Mr. Sanders, whose back was toward the comer, rose from his seat, overflowing with gleefulness, and said:

"Gentlemen, I hain't yit told you my best story—best thing ever heerd in your life. I got it over in Putnam last week. I hain't yit told it even to Jacky Bundle, because Jacky one o' them kind o' fellers that you got to thes *ram* a good thing into o' him before you can git him to under— Why, hello! Jacky, that you? I thought you done gone on home. Glad you hain't; I were about tellin' the boys a joke I got 'cross the Oconee. Best thing ever heerd in your life. Set down till I git through, and when we has a little more fun we'll break up and go home together."

Mr. Bundle, regarding his brother-in-law with humblest respect, sat down on a bench, last in the row, and nudging the friend next him, whispered, "Thar it is agin, sp'ilin' his joke, even ef it's a good 'n, by braggin' on it hisself, and that before he tell it."

The speaker evidently was set back somewhat by the unexpected apparition of Mr. Bundle, of whom he had just spoken in not respectful terms, and by the smiles at the whispering that he himself had not overheard. However, trusting in his own powers and the merits of his theme, he boldly put forth. The story was about a very green rustic in Putnam, who not long back had married a girl so far his superior that for this reason alone he had become jealous. As the narration advanced with irrelevant circumstantiality, Mr. Bundle, more and more intent, moved gradually but most humbly nearer. The audience winked at one another, yet seemed reasonably expectant of the climax, which promised, if it should ever be reached, to be satisfactory.

"Jack Bundle," suddenly cried Mr. Sanders, in something of a fret, "if you'll try to keep still, I'll go on with my tale."

"Beg your pardon a thousand times, Red," was answered, with deepest humility. "From what you said, and from the way you let off from the jump, I see she were a-goin' to be oncommon good, and I were only thes a-tryin' to git as nigh you as I could, so as to not lose none even o' the drippin's. Do, please, for gracious' sake! do peerten up, and don't keep the augence a-waitin' to hear what 'come o' the cussed fool. Didn't the young 'oman's kinfolks kill him and cut him up and fling him to the dogs?"

The crowd, unable to refrain, burst into loud laughter. Smarting beneath the ridicule thus put upon him, Mr. Sanders rushed upon the intruder, and gave him a push that prostrated him upon his back.

Now it seemed unfortunate for Mr. Bundle that at that very instant loud cries from many voices came from the main crowd in the field beyond Hutson's, proclaiming that Robert Hackett and William Giles, the two most noted fighters in the district, were stripped for yet another trial of manhood. To this scene, likely to be far more interesting, every man, save two, at the court-ground rushed, and the brothers-in-law were left to themselves.

III.

More entertaining as it might be to follow the rest, who, with ejaculations of various kinds, were hurrying to the struggle of more doughty combatants, I must linger with Mr. Bundle, upon whom Mr. Sanders had thrown himself in wrath, and was beginning to pay off some of the debt which he felt to be due. Finding himself in such unexpected and inconvenient situation, he cried lustily to his neighbors to remove from his breast the superincumbent weight, and let the encounter, if nothing else would satisfy Mr. Sanders, be had upon terms at least approximating equality.

"You, Jake Powers! you, Ab Perkins! you, Joe Askew! Whar in the thunder is all of you that you won't pull this fool off'n me, and let me have a fa'r chance to cope along 'ith him? Whar *is* you all goned?"

"Goned, sir! Don't you hear the eecho?" said Mr. Sanders, more irate, vengeful, and contemptuous perhaps because of their family relationship. Yet feeling secure from interference during the combat two hundred yards distant, which he judged, from his knowledge of the combatants, would be prolonged, he was deliberate in his inflictions. Mr. Bundle, on the contrary, with pokings among his ribs, notwithstanding his generally uniform temper, was growing impatient, even disgusted.

"Ain't they *nobody*," he plained from his lowly position, "that have the sense to jerk this everlastin' cuss from off'n top o' me? Is everybody done turned fool and goned away?"

The answer made by echo to these pointed inquiries was to the effect that she knew no person that was adequate, or, if so, was disposed for the above.

Mr. Sanders, in the interstices of his pokings, like other great men who in fully successful situations are prone to vaunt their forbearance and general magnanimity, reminded Mr. Bundle of the pains that he had taken to make something respectable out of him, and of what he had to endure from his stupid indocility and even his occasional impudence, all for the sake of his wife and children. Feeling that he could afford to be generous in the offer of terms, in special consideration of inevitable family ties, at length he said: "Jack Bundle—I won't call you *Jacky*, for that sound like I keered somethin' for you, which I don't, after all your meanness—everybody have gone to the fight 'twixt Bob Hackett an' Bill Giles, which your fool imp'dence have hendered me a-seein'. I owe you somethin' for that too. Howbeever, as your wife is Nancy Lavy, which that's she's the own dear sister o' my wife, a-not-'ithstandin' the poor innicent girl flung herself away when she took up along 'ith you, yit if you'll promis' me to behave yourself, an' keep your mouth shet when I'm a-talkin' an' a-narratin' things that you never yit *has* had the sense to understan' 'em an' to wally 'em, well, sir, in them ewents I lets you up, an' ef not, I perceeds to jolt you in the ribs."

"Red Sanders," answered the fallen man, firm as the ground on which he lay, "you may jolt on if you're mean enough to do it 'ith the 'vantage you got o' me suddent and onexpected, but ruther 'n I'll make any sech promus, I'll see you in *Mexico*, by blood! or any tother o' the tremenjousest islants that the jography books *tells* about, sir."

The fact is, that Jacky Bundle, for the first time within anybody's recollection, became utterly disgusted with the extremity to which he had been reduced, and brother-in-law or no brother-in-law, he made up his mind that—

But here I think it well to record some additional friendly interference on the part of Mrs. Mohorn. Hearing the plaining tones that came from the court-yard, leaving all except her money purse with her granddaughter, she hastened to the unhappy scene, and was horrified to see Jacky Bundle, whom she well liked, beneath Reddick Sanders, whom she liked not at all.

"The good laws have mercies on us all," she cried, "and 'special' poor Jacky Bundle!" She looked around a moment, presumably for something with which she might help her fallen friend; but finding none, gathering in one hand her skirts, and extending the other on high, she strode toward the field, screaming: "'Ain't you people got no senses and no hearts inside o' you, that Bill Giles and Bob Hackett a-everlastin' a-fightin' make you don't keer for po' Jacky Bundle, that that mean Red Sanders have already beat him to a jelly among them benches behint the court-'ouse, that the po' creeter can't even cherrip? Is this the sort o' country we has to live in, that people is a-goin' to let people be beat to death, and them that has famblies an' is innicint as Jacky Bundle, that I thought, on my soul, he was done goned home tell I heerd his dyin' speeches thar 'mong them benches?"

At the moment of her reaching the field the Giles-Hackett conflict was brought to an end, Mr. Hackett this time handing in his word. At Mrs. Mohorn's appeal, several men, with ejaculations of great surprise, made haste to repair to the court-yard.

In the meanwhile some change had taken place in the relations of the couple of gentlemen who had been left to themselves in such interesting exigent circumstances. Matters had grown so monotonous with Mr. Bundle that at the very moment of Mrs. Mohorn's departure for means for his rescue he said:

"Lookee here, Red Sanders, this business is gettin' tiresome. Let me up. I'm not a-goin' to promus you *nothin'* flat o' my back, and 'special' about your everlasting horn-blowin's. Let me up, I tell you."

"No, sir; not after sech words as them."

At that juncture it so happened, as the hand that held down his opponent became disengaged momentarily with intent to gain a firmer grip, Mr. Sanders, by a sudden, powerful movement of Mr. Bundle, was overthrown once, yea twice, and then came prone, with his whole front upon the ground, wedged between one of the benches and an oak sapling near by. With neither more nor less haste than necessary, Mr. Bundle put himself astride of Mr. Sanders's back, and then for a brief while seemed to deliberate what he should do next. After sufficient reflection, he pinioned the gentleman's arms beneath his own knees, wound his hands in the long hair beneath, and apparently decided to make a pick of the head it covered.

"Jack Bundle," cried Mr. Sanders, in an interval of resting from the work on hand, "I wouldn't of believed that sech onfeelin' meanness was in any white man, not to say nothin' about a man's own brer-in-law and the companion of his own wife's dear sister, that it do look like a pity that two wimming that love one 'nother like Patsy Lavy and Nancy Lavy that was, should have to fall out and be sip'rated in this kind o' style; that as for *me*, I wouldn't treat a dog so, not even a mean sheep-stealin' dog."

Mr. Bundle, a man of fewest words, was not inclined to waste argument on a case already adjudicated after rather troublesome litigation, but continued leisurely to peck the ground with the instrument improvised for the purpose and occasion.

"For the good Lord's sake, Jacky Bundle," cried Mr. Sanders, at another pause in the operation, "stop this oudacious foolishness, that it's a-puttin' out my eyes out and a-mashin' off my nose off, and ef you don't I'll put the law on you; I will pos'tive and perp'ndicklar."

"Oh, I know, Red," answered Mr. Bundle, with the cool sense of security becoming one in his position, "I know how to keep inside o' the law. I thes want to pay back what I owe you, with lawful intrust a-added on to it. I ain't a-nigh done 'ith it yit. But I has kincluded in my mind that ef you'll promise me one thing I'll git off'n you, and ef you don't I'm a-gwine to keep on a-diggin' with your head tell I strike water in this court-'ouse yard, hard trod as the ground is by tramplin' for thirty year and better."

"Name your terms, then, and name 'em quick, for I can't stand sech as this much longer; but, Jacky," he added, in affectionate, pleading tone, "I should supposen that in sech a onfort'n't kindition a man's own dear brer-in-law mout natchel take in the sitooation o' the case in his mind, and kinsider his own, well as t'other people's, latter eend, and to not be too hard on his own wife's own dear brer-in-law, which, if I has ever be'n flung onexpected intoo jes sech a case, I don't 'members it."

Mr. Bundle, disengaging his fingers, lifted, spread apart, and cooled them; then taking a yet more luxuriant hold upon the luxuriant locks, and slightly elevating the head below, thus answered: "Yes, sir. Well, the terms is these and them: that you got to let up for one whole blessed year from this day and date in the tellin' o' your insignifkint tales, that they has wore people out a-list'nin' to 'em. Your very wife, Red Sanders, that you good as swo' to pertect, have be'n pessecuted by your everlastin' woices to that that she's got to be thin as a shad a-goin' down stream. Ner neither is *my* wife, which she is her own dear sister, even she is not nigh the woman she was from your deternal gab, no, sir, not even in her flesht and bloods; and everybody else is that disgussed that— What you say, Reddock Sanders, to the above?"

He concluded with a tightning of his grip.

"I s'pose I'll have to promise, Jacky, as they ain't no gittin' around it in the fix I'm in."

"'Tain't no *havin'* to do about it, sir. It's got to be done, and it's got to be did fa'r and squar', and no bones. Does you do it? Talk quick."

"I does."

"And sw'ars to it?"

"I does—in them words."

"All right. Hello, boys?" Mr. Bundle asked, as he rose, of the men who, having followed Mrs. Mohorn, had returned. One of them answered:

"Never see a pootier fight; but Bob had to give in this time. That set Bill two in five, and as he ris off'n Bob, he told him the next turn would fetch him even 'ith him. Bob laughed, he did, bunged up as he were, and he said, 'All right, Bill; we'll see.' Then they went to Jim Simmons's kyart to take a drink, which Bill he 'sisted on payin' the expense. But my goodness, Jacky, what's all been to pay 'twixt you and Red? Mrs. Mohorn scared us all out a year's growth apiece, sayin' Red had you down, and was a-maulin' the breath out o' you. But Red, the way his nose is skint, look like *he* had the worst of it. Nobody had a idee that you two, brer-in-laws at that, was a-goin' into a reg'lar scrimmage, and that about nothin'."

"No, I supposen not," replied Mr. Bundle. "Soon as you all left, Red he lit on to me, and I hollered for some o' you to take him off tell my throat got sore, and then I accident fetched him a turn, and now we are about even—ain't we, Red?"

Mr. Sanders took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, softly patted his nose, combed his hair with his fingers, and nodded a vague, silent, respectful response.

"But, Red," asked Mr. Powers, "you never finished your story. Whatever *did* become o' that feller?"

"I can't tell you honible, Jake," he answered, solemnly, and immediately turning away, went for his horse. Indeed it was time for those who lived several miles away to be gone, yet Mrs. Mohorn would delay Mr. Bundle somewhat longer.

"Come a-right along 'ith me, Jacky," she said, taking him by one of his coat tails. Having marched him to her wagon and planted him on one of her stools, "Thar!" she said; "ef ever I see a body that he have deserved to have a gingycake and a cup of beer free gratis and for nothin', it's you, Jacky Bundle;" and she made him eat to the last crumb, and drink to the last drop.

"Not only so," Mr. Bundle said to his wife that night, "but she actuil tuck out her box these couple o' her biggest, brownest thrip cakes, and 'ithout a-even a-openin' o' her mouth about the money, she thes flung 'em in my lap, she did, and she says, 'Jacky, take them cakes home, and give one to Nancy, and diwide the tother 'mong the children.' And she say, and don't forgit that, honey, that she ruth'r that wouldn't git to the ear o' the old man Leadbetter, as, bein' the deacon, he might feel his juty to fetch it up in the church as a-lookin' like a encour'gement to fightin'. We must be wery partic'lar about that."

It was so late when the statute of limitations began to run, after the unsealing of the mouth of Mr. Sanders, that, to the best of my recollection, it was never known precisely what were the results of the conjugal unpleasantness on the other side of the Oconee.

THE HAMMOCKS ON THE BEACH.

They do things differently at Brighton, Dieppe, or Scheveningen. You may take your sea plunge abroad from the convenient aquatic vehicle, and find your dressing-room in the four-wheeler. At Scheveningen there are in use peculiar wicker basket chairs, and it is *de rigueur* that you should sun yourself in them on the sands. Nobody but an American could have thought of the application of the hammock to the sea-side. It is to Atlantic City that this happy thought is due. Slung from tree to tree in a shady grove, or swung in some cool veranda, the hammock had before its mission, but a new sphere of usefulness has now been discovered for it. The advantages of a sea installation are manifest. You can hang your hammock in close proximity to the breakers; near enough, if you please, to catch the flying spume, and so get a saline shower-bath. According to where you locate it, various effects can be produced. There is something delightful to be in the hammock and to watch the great broad lakes of water come in, flooding the beach, and to see them slide back again. At times a turbulent wave, breaking bounds, will tumble against the hammock and impart motion to the occupant. As will be noticed in the illustration, the hammocks are placed head on to the seas, for then the danger of being pitched out is lessened.

When there is a good breeze blowing straight across the Atlantic Ocean, there is nothing more fascinating than to watch a line of these hammocks. To their supports are attached flags and streamers, which flutter vigorously. As the sun glares on the white sands, complexions might be spoiled, so the hammocks are provided with awnings. As these strips of many-hued canvas catch the wind they snap and buckle. If it be a still, quiet day, when hammocks are motionless, they give that necessary condition of repose which befits at times a sea picture. To the artistic eye there can be nothing more exhilarating, however, than when there is a tearing breeze. Then to kaleidoscopic effects of color are added the merry cries of the bathers, and the chatter and laughter of the occupants of the hammocks, for when hammocks are pitched close to thunderous seas the chances of a doze are quite out of the question.

TWO CHINESE INSTITUTIONS.

THE CHEF.

John Chinaman is a warm lover of good living. The moment he makes money he desires to celebrate it by a dinner—to himself if luck is but moderate, and to his friends if the fickle goddess has been over-generous. In New York he supports no less than six restaurants. These are all prosperous, and so well managed that they have gained a notable number of Caucasian customers.

Readers of the daily press know what strange dishes and stranger customs mark these eating-houses. Dinners that begin with candied fruits and close with delicate soups and crystallized flowers; delicacies from Corea, Japan, Tonquin, and Manchooria; liqueurs such as no chemist ever distilled; *menus* of fifty courses—these are all household words to the American public. It knows little or nothing, however, of the kitchen and its master, the *chef*. The former compares favorably with that of our great hotels. It is open, light, and well ventilated. It is also remarkably neat and clean. By some singular custom it is almost always visible from the dining-room. The guest has the right to enter its precinct and see if the cook is obeying orders, and if all the dishes desired are made from proper materials. This privilege is eagerly utilized by Mongolian *bons vivants*, who frequently make rows over the stove or kettle that would petrify a French *chef* with amazement. But few dishes are ready-made. Raw materials are prepared for almost every possible order, and seldom require more than five minutes in cooking. The Chinese system of eating lends itself well to this practice. All bulky foods are served and eaten in pieces not larger than the end of the thumb. A chicken's heart, for example, is cut into four slices; the liver into eight; an onion is almost shredded; while a pigeon's breast is chopped into dice as small as a pea. Another aid to quick cooking is high heat. The almond-eyed cook uses kiln-dried hickory or oak for fuel, and makes so hot a fire that water over it explodes rather than boils, and oil becomes a seething mass of liquid and vapor. A dish served under this *régime* is never cold; usually it is red-hot.

Dishes are never served "by portions." The guest estimates his appetite, and orders accordingly. If not hungry, he will order, for example, "five cents perfumed pork"; if possessing a good appetite, ten; if hungry, fifteen; and if famished, twenty. The quantity ordered is measured out almost mathematically.

When patrons leave food upon the board it does not become a perquisite of the cook's. If still in good eatable condition, it is put aside for the poor, sick, and unfortunate. If in bad condition, it belongs to the cats. If very bad, it is sold to fat collectors, or to the poverty-stricken Italian speculators, who peddle it to still poorer sons of ancient Rome.

Life in a Chinese kitchen is onerous, to say the least. Early in the morning, long before most good Christians are awake, the *chef* is out buying goods in Fulton and Washington markets. At seven he is ready to give breakfast to early risers or late night-owls. He is busy all day, but manages to snatch a nap or two in quiet hours. Evening brings another rush of trade, and not until midnight or later are the lights extinguished and the doors closed for good. Despite this unhygienic time-table he seems to thrive. Of the leading cooks of Chinatown not one is weak or sickly. One in particular, who has a strong penchant for the tiger and the green cloth, and has already won and lost more than a hundred thousand dollars, seems as well preserved to-day as when he started business in Mott Street eight years ago.

The Chinese idea would receive hearty approval from Brillat-Savarin or Sam Ward. It recognizes the *chef* as an artist, and treats and pays him accordingly. When employed he receives from forty to one hundred and fifty dollars per month, his board, lodging, tobacco, and stimulants. As, unlike his American colleague, he regards it as bad form to wear any but the poorest working clothes during working hours, it is easily seen that his wages are almost clear profit. In technique he approaches the artists of France. He will mount a roast bird with pastry legs and heads, re-cover it with the plumage, and serve it in a wilderness of parsley and water-cress so artistically that at the first sight the thing seems alive and sentient.

Another common device is to "blow eggs," fill them with differently flavored and colored jellies or custards, close the apertures, and serve them in apparently perfect condition. The Chinese *chef* is always educated and generally well-read. Like those who toil in our kitchens, he uses a cookery-book, but, unlike our manufacturers of dyspepsia and disappointment, he supplements it by his own researches and recipes, and so earns the hearty esteem in which he is held by his fellow-Mongolians.

THE SHRINE.

There are two Chinese churches or joss-houses in New York, one of which is at No. 12 Chatham Square, and the other at No. 10 Pell Street. The two are closely alike. Each occupies an entire floor of the building, and is fitted up in a manner that strangely illustrates the mingling of Oriental and Occidental ideas. A board partition divides the loft into a large apartment, which is used for church and other purposes, and into two small rooms, one of which is set apart for the priest or custodian of the shrine.

The church at first sight suggests an American club-room. Around the room is a long line of substantial chairs and little tables such as were formerly fashionable for window decoration. In the middle are large tables provided with stools, writing paraphernalia, and a few books. From the ceiling hang chandeliers of cut crystal and gaudy brass-work. The floor is covered with heavy oil-cloth, and the windows are furnished with ordinary shades, and Nottingham lace curtains hang from portière bars. But here the resemblance ends. The chairs and tables are of solid ebony, massive in their parts, and made to last a century. The French chandeliers are separated by quaintly carved and painted lanterns which resemble miniature pagodas. The walls are covered by interminable scarlet bulletins and hangers. The former are inscribed with the names of members, accounts of subscriptions and contributions, business notices, and official news; the latter with quotations from the great poets, moralists, and philosophers of the race. What few pictures are crowded in come from Eastern studios, and display a perspective, coloring, and drawing worthy of the small boy who tries his first box of tinted crayons.

One end of the room is occupied by the altar, a wonderful product of the carver's and sculptor's art. As the eye rests upon it, it seems merely a symmetric and very graceful design in architectural style and ornamentation, covered and massed in gold. The outlines are those of a square temple, just behind whose open doorway sits the Divine Being, ever ready to listen to those who come before His habitation. Over the temple are the leaves and branches of the grove in which the building is situated. A moment of close study shows the entire affair to be one mass of symbolism.

High in the centre is the sun, with effulgent rays, typifying the origin of all material life. Beneath him are the summits of the forests and mountains representing the heavens. In the former is the mother bird feeding its little brood, and the male and female songsters making love, symbolizing the maternal and the conjugal affection, the two highest in the universe. Over the architrave three dragons express the great forces which influence the world, material in character, yet possessed of awful intelligence, which is forever employed by the Supreme Being. Four beautiful pillars are the columns of the universe, up which crawl the serpents of evil, but which, as they reach the half-way point, are seized by great birds and torn to pieces. Two clocks with the hands stopped, and a sun-dial whose point is broken, suggest that future when time shall be no more. The pillars are upborne by dragons, as if to show that the divine forces are as much beneath us as above. In the base of the altar a rectangular opening filled with mimic coral, sea-weed, crabs, and lobsters indicates the waters beneath the earth. Two smaller openings, in which are tiny images dressed in the armor of long-past dynasties, speak of the past, on which the present is built. An ever-burning lamp in front typifies immortality. Gold lattice-work, behind which are imperfect mirrors, intimate that whoever looks into the future or the next life through any aperture except that of God will see only distorted images of himself. In the centre is the great door where, sitting back in the shadow, half visible and but seen in part, is Quong-He-Say-Gong, the Ruler of all things. On one side of Him is the evil tendency of life portrayed by a ferocious warrior, and on the other the good, by a beautiful woman, carrying in her arms the coffer of prosperity. Before the altar stands a table on which are great metal bowls filled with sand, in which smoulder incense sticks, vases laden with artificial flowers, and other equally curious church furniture.

The church is open always and open to all. Believer and unbeliever are welcome to pray, to sit, to talk, and even to smoke, sip tea or wine, exchange stories, and be at home. It never tries to make converts, and seldom if ever loses a votary. Yet to a close observer it seems a pleasant memory rather than a living fact, the survival of a great past which bides but a moment to likewise pass into oblivion.

THE SEA-SPIDER.

"The Sea-Spider" is the popular name given a new machine now to be seen off the Jersey coast, in the proximity of Atlantic City; but the inventor, the Rev. Ezra B. Lake, calls it "The Ocean Tricycle, or Sea-Wagon." Mr. Lake's idea seems to have been to make a mechanical device which could be propelled over a flat sea-bottom of not too great depth. The illustration gives an accurate idea of the Ocean Tricycle. Upon a platform, which may be designated as the body of the vehicle, there rises four standing beams of metal, which support the car, which car rises twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. This car will hold as many as forty people when crowded. Here too is the motor, which is a six-horse-power engine, non-explosive oil being the fuel for generating the steam. In the car is also held the fresh-water for producing the steam. The wheels, under the lower platform, are three, each one having a separate motion. These wheels may be reversed at will, so as to give facilities for turning. The whole machine is under the control of a pilot and engineer. The weight of the Ocean Tricycle is seven and one-half tons. When the machine was run it was found that the indentation on the dry sand made by the wheels was not more than two inches in depth, but that when in the water the rut made was much less. It is claimed for the machine that, owing to the buoyancy of the water and the denser packing of the sand, when moving through the sea there is forty per cent. less resistance than on the land.

It is not for pleasure excursions over summer seas at fashionable watering-places that the Ocean Tricycle has been invented and built. The end in view is to use it as a valuable adjunct to the Life-saving Service. The machine is reported to have made at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, trips of fully three-quarters of a mile out to sea, working readily in a depth of sixteen feet. At the first trials the height of the car was twenty feet above the sea-level, and no water was taken by the occupants; but it has now been raised five feet more. If wrecks occur, then, in a depth of water of not more than from sixteen to eighteen feet, it is quite probable that the Ocean Tricycle could reach such a wreck, and take the people off the stranded vessel. It may be said that off the Jersey coast the sea-bottom has a very gradual slope, and that deep water is fairly distant from shore. Vessels are driven on to the sands where the shallows are. It becomes evident that a machine of this character would have to be placed under the control of an experienced pilot, who would have to know the exact depths along the coast. Where there were sudden depressions of the sea-bottom, or where there were ledges of rocks, the Ocean Tricycle would be of no avail. Though the force of the waves in their solid impact is enormous, there is no reason to doubt but that, as there is free passage for the water through the machine, there would be but little chance of the Ocean Tricycle toppling over.

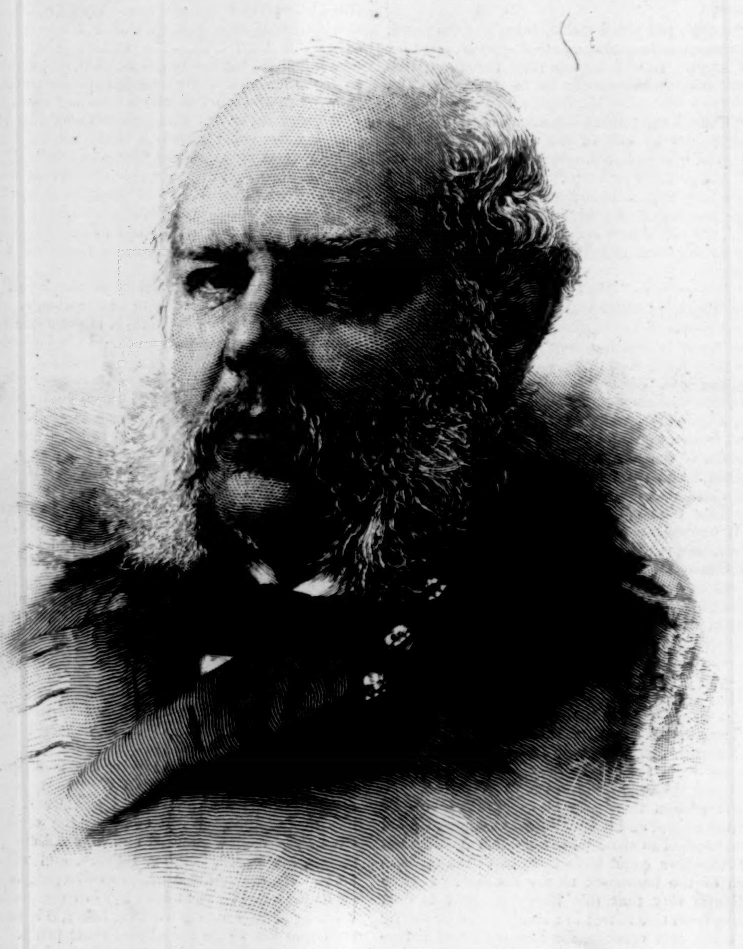
There are many long stretches off our coast where such a machine, if its practical value were tested, would be of great use. People who are not familiar with the seas do not know how many shipwrecks occur close to the land, or how near is the danger line. Men drown, the life beaten out of them by the heavy surges, within a hundred feet of the shore. There would be something imposing in the slow march of a machine like the Ocean Tricycle through a heavy sea, the surges tearing below her, until she reached the stranded vessel, and then rescuing the mariners from death. If experiment should show that the capabilities of the Sea-Spider are what the inventor claims, there would be no doubt of its being adopted at many of our life-saving stations.

MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

It is a coincidence that the officer who succeeds General Sheridan in the command of the army was a classmate of that distinguished soldier at West Point. The son of a farmer of Chautauqua County, New York, John McAllister Schofield was born in that county September 29, 1831. Some years afterward the family moved to Illinois, from which State he entered the Military Academy in 1849, graduating four years later. The first scholar of the class was McPherson, killed near Atlanta; Sill, killed at Stone River, was No. 3; Schofield was No. 7; Terrell, killed at Perryville, No. 16; Sheridan, No. 34; Hood, No. 44. In this class also were Vincent and R. O. Tyler. Appointed to the Second Artillery, Lieutenant Schofield served two years in garrison duty in Charleston Harbor and Florida, and was then assigned to the Military Academy successively as Assistant Professor and Professor of Natural Philosophy, remaining there until the autumn of 1860, when he received a professorship of physics in Washington University, St. Louis, and was allowed a leave of absence to accept it.

The following year the civil war broke out. Lieutenant Schofield's campaigning experience had been very limited for an officer eight years in the service, yet he was destined to rise very fast. First a mustering officer, then a Major in the First Missouri Volunteers—Blair's regiment—he was transferred to be Chief of Staff for General Lyon, and in August, 1861, was engaged in the battles at Dug Spring and Wilson's Creek and the skirmish at Curran's, and at Fredericktown the following October. He had been commissioned as Captain in the First Artillery, to date from May 14th, and in November was made Brigadier-General of volunteers, and held the same rank in the Missouri militia. For two years his service was mostly in department command at St. Louis. Meanwhile he was promoted to be Major-General of volunteers. In February, 1864, in command of the Army of the Ohio, he took part in the many battles of Sherman's Georgia campaign, at Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw, Kulp's Farm, and elsewhere, and at the capture of Atlanta. When Sherman marched from Atlanta to Savannah, Schofield, in command of the Twenty-third Corps, was assigned to Thomas, in Tennessee. Placed in charge of the advance, which was resisting the northward progress of Hood toward Nashville, Schofield repulsed the Confederates with severe loss, November 30th, at Franklin. This battle was perhaps the greatest single service rendered by General Schofield during the war, as it weakened the aggressive force of Hood, who is said to have lost over 5500 men killed and wounded, while Schofield lost only 2300. For this battle Schofield was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, and afterward a brevet Major-General. Having fallen back, in pursuance of orders, General Schofield a fortnight later took part in the greater battle of Nashville, where Thomas wrecked Hood's army.

In February, 1865, General Schofield was assigned to the command of the Department of North Carolina, in order to co-operate with General Sherman's northward march from Savannah. Having captured Fort Anderson and occupied Wilmington, Schofield defeated the Confederates at Kinston, and then marched to Goldsborough, where he joined his forces with those of Sherman, and was present at the surrender of Johnston's army to that officer at Durham. Since the war General Schofield's most conspicuous duties have been those of Secretary of War during nine or ten months under President Johnson, Commander at times of each of the three military divisions, and for a period of more than four years Superintendent of the Military Academy. At the death of General Sheridan he was senior Major-General, in command of the Division of the Atlantic, with head-quarters at Governor's Island. Possessed of much administrative ability, he will also bring to his new duties a long experience in the high grades, having been for nearly twenty years a Major-General in the regular army. His long service as instructor and Superintendent at the Military Academy naturally turned his attention to the theoretical side of his profession, while the war furnished him its practical side.



MAJOR-GENERAL SCHOFIELD, THE SUCCESSOR OF GENERAL SHERIDAN.
From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.

FROM THE FAR NORTH.

Across the rocky desert of northwestern British America during the summer months scores of wagon trains make their way southward, or at least downward, following the great slopes of the continent, each and all having for an objective point some post of the Hudson Bay Company. Vast shaly levels are these, broken into ravines and upheavals, till they hardly deserve the name of plains, destitute of vegetation save along the watercourses, and with so little of animal life that the hunter never expects to find game unless it has fled into the desert to escape its pursuers. Most of these trains are laden with furs, the result of the last winter's hunting and trapping in the far North. Mink, deer, otter, sable, beaver, bear, and the rest, with here and there even now a "green" buffalo hide, are brought in this manner hundreds of miles.

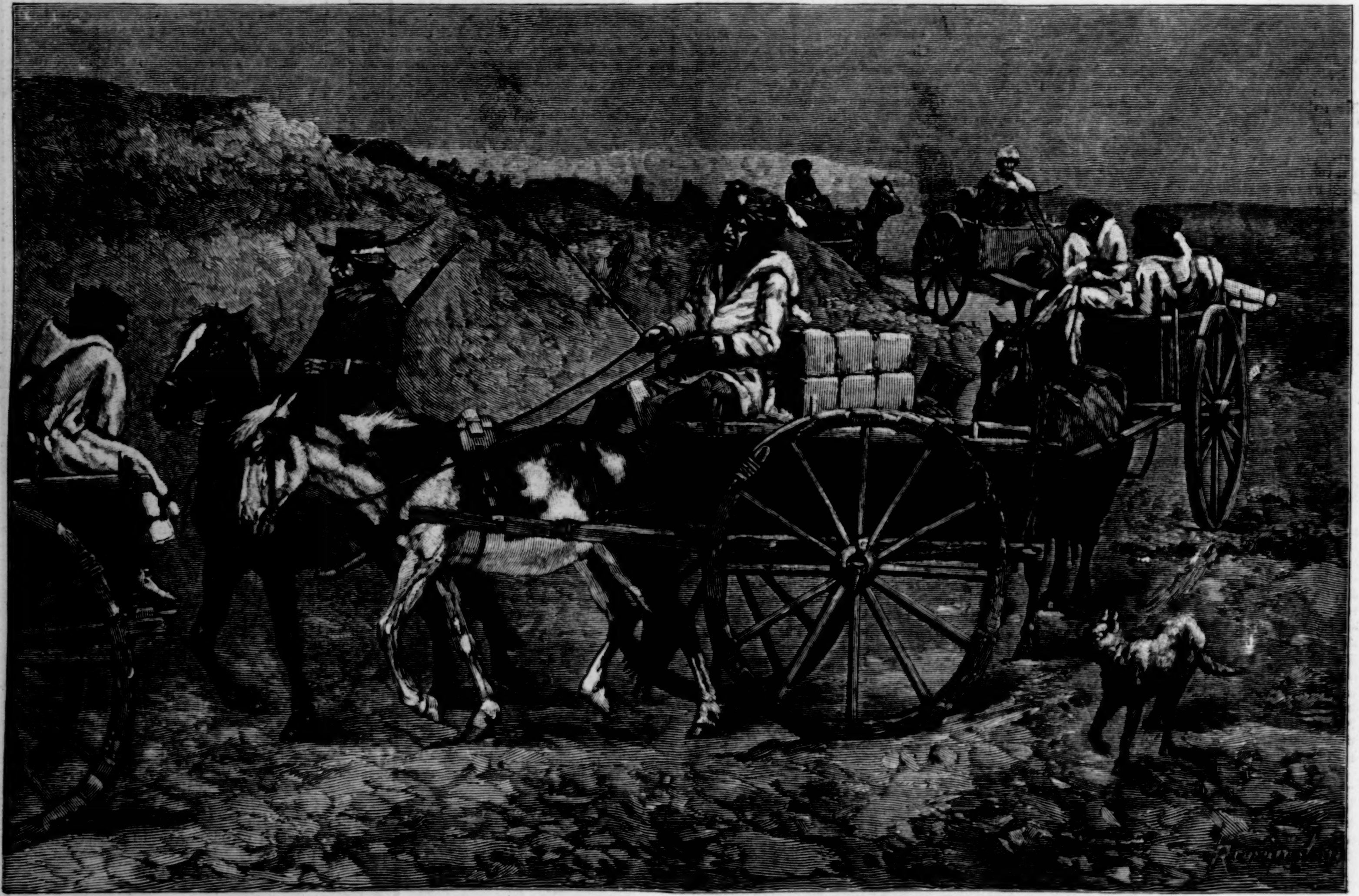
The enterprising American wagon-maker, with the marvellously light and strong products of his shop and its wood-working machinery, has not yet pushed his wares into those desolate regions. Indeed it would hardly pay him to do so, for the population rarely has any ready cash to expend on modern improvements, and moreover it has abundant time on its hands to whittle patiently away on "fellies" and spokes until a vehicle is produced that meets his requirements, and is in many respects a marvel of ingenuity, though somewhat rude when considered from the standpoint of artistic workmanship.

The wood-work is all hewn out in the rough with the axe, and largely finished off with the same universal tool. It is wonderful how a keen-edged axe in skilful hands may be made to do the work of plane, spokeshave, and adze. Not that these Northern craftsmen do not have other tools, and know how to use them after a fashion, but their equipment, when compared with that of a journeyman mechanic, is exceedingly meagre. If a civilized wagon-maker were given a set of half-breed tools, and told to make a wagon out of a log, he would probably strike work forthwith, and call on his Union for a peremptory "boycott."

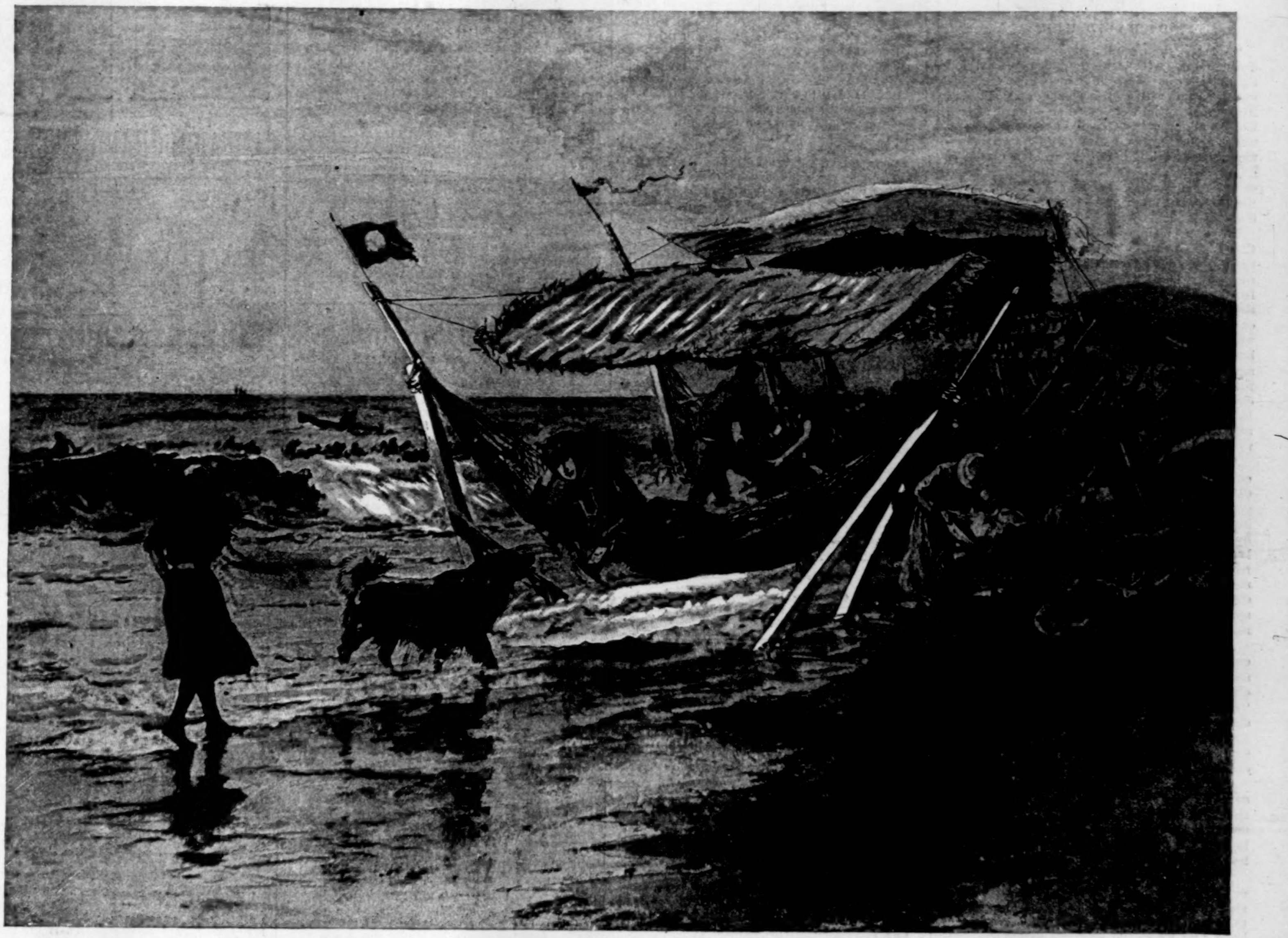
The figures in the illustration are life studies, typical of what is known as "quarter-bred Indian French." They are clad, it will be noticed, in the height of metropolitan winter fashion, wearing the comfortable blanket coats that have recently been imported with toboggans from across the border. The harnesses are of rawhide—strong, durable, simple, and requiring very little expenditure in the way of blacking or other care, notwithstanding the rough usage to which they are subjected. Rawhide is used also for many of the lashings about the wagons.

A train like that which the artist has drawn often contains a large number of wagons, and stretches for a long distance over the rocky ways that pass for roads. The creaking of the loose-jointed wheels and the shouts of the drivers may often be heard long before the train comes in sight.

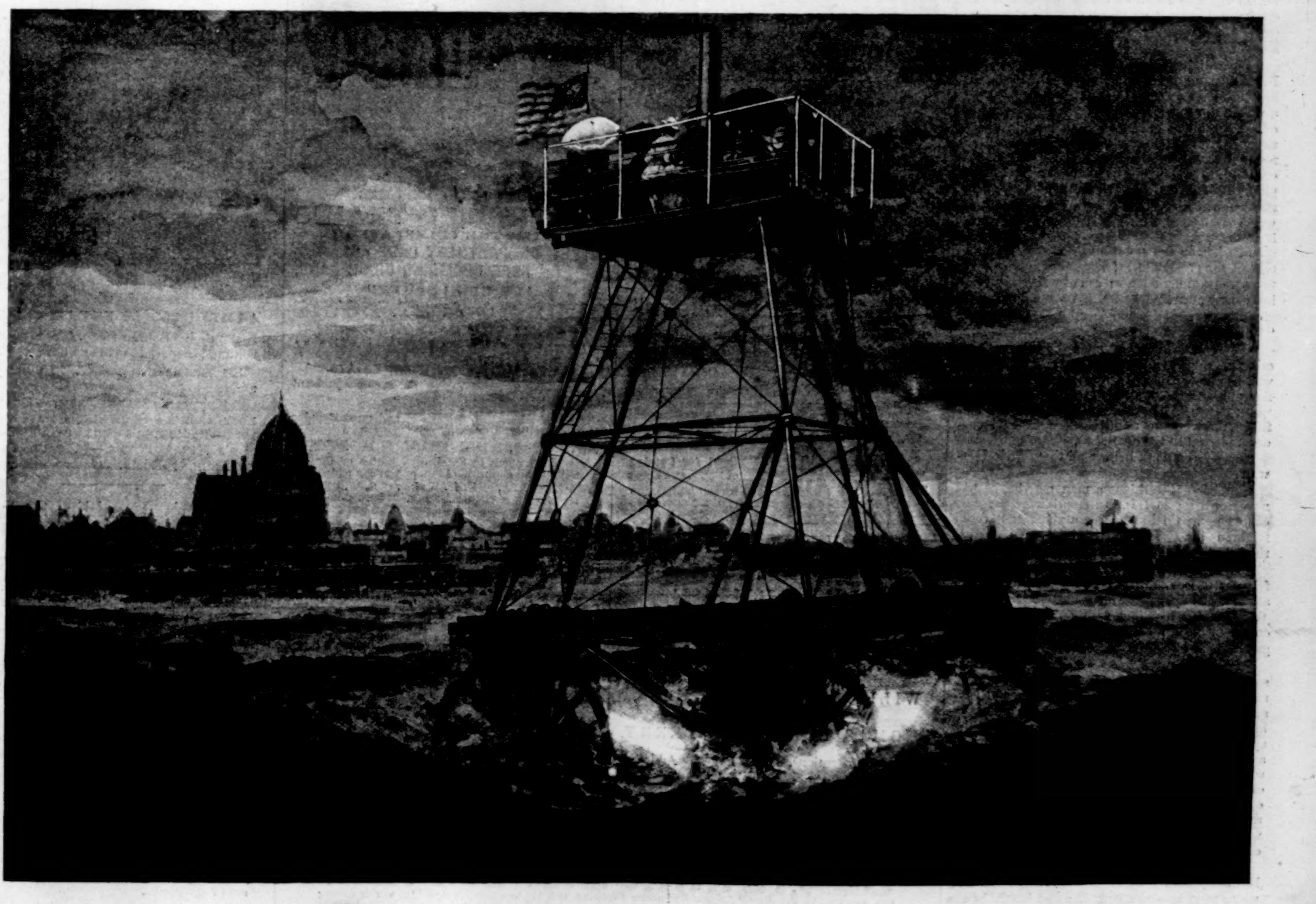
The admixture of French and Indian blood has produced a type that possesses many of the worst and some of the best characteristics of both races. The equestrian figure near the left of the picture is the foreman of the train. In him the Indian traits predominate, and in watching the passage of a train one is pretty certain to see all the different grades, ranging from red to swarthy in complexion, and from Gaul to Indian in feature.



A FUR TRAIN FROM THE FAR NORTH.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



HAMMOCKS ON THE BEACH—A SCENE AT ATLANTIC CITY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 636.]



THE SEA-SPIDER, OR OCEAN TRICYCLE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 635.]

CROSSING A GLACIER IN NORWAY.

By DAVID KER.

"Well, if these are the *pleasures* of mountaineering, I'd like a few pains for a change," growled my English comrade as he scrambled up from his twentieth fall, with a sulky glance at our stalwart Norse guides, who were plodding onward, after a five hours' struggle through knee-deep snow, as untiringly as if they meant to go on for a fortnight. "I feel like the ghost of a dishonest grocer, doomed to wade forever through an ocean of moist sugar, and my boots are so shrunk with the wet that I seem to be standing on tiptoe in a teacup."

These complaints—to which I listened with that fortitude wherewith men are wont to bear the misfortunes of other people—were the first words that had been spoken for nearly an hour. Indeed any sound seemed out of place amid that tremendous silence, which made us feel as if the earth and all that breathed on it were dead, and we alone left living, living on. Severed from the busy world beneath us by these frowning rocks and eternal snows, we were oppressed by a dreadful sense of isolation, which blotted out even the consciousness of each other's presence. With half a dozen men actually fastened to the same rope with me, I felt as utterly alone as if clinging to a wave-tossed spar in mid-ocean.

The sun was sinking toward the distant sea, but only to rise again; for here, beyond the Arctic Circle, night existed no more. Slowly, calmly, grandly, the vast bright globe sank into the brooding storm-clouds like a great soul overwhelmed by unjust misfortunes. For a moment all was leaden and dim, the gloomy pine woods and black frowning precipices far below us looking grimmer and ghastlier than ever beneath the cold gray shadow. Then suddenly the glory of a new dayspring broke over earth and sky, and the great resurrection was complete.

A raw climber might have been scared to see one or other of us disappear ever and anon as if swallowed up by the earth, this part of the glacier being literally honey-combed with formidable "crevasses." But we took care to stand well apart, so as to keep the rope taut (a vital precaution in crossing glaciers), and thus any man who slipped into one of these gulfs was instantly checked and pulled out.

"Now," said our oldest guide, Halwar Thorgrimsson, whose sturdy frame, keen bright eye, and bold ruddy face bore no sign of his being nearer seventy than sixty, "we are back in Gamlé Norgé" (old Norway) "once more; this is the boundary of Finmark."

I said I was very glad to hear it, though without any idea why I said so, or why I *should* be glad at all. But when I looked up it *was* a relief to find myself so nearly across the glacier, and to know that we should soon untie ourselves from the rope and become men again, instead of component parts of a gigantic centipede engaged in a never-ending match against time.

"What is that mound yonder?" asked I, pointing to the sole token of man's presence in the dead world around us—a small heap of stones, out of which one huge pointed slab stood up like a tower.

"We call it 'The Wolf-Maiden's Grave,' and I've heard my grandfather say that in the old heathen times a young Christian hunter followed a wolf up to this spot, where it suddenly vanished. Then all at once it appeared again about twenty yards off; but as he sprang toward it he found himself on the very brink of an awful chasm, into which one step more would have plunged him headlong; and on the other side, instead of the wolf, stood a snow-white maiden of wondrous beauty, with her arms outstretched as if to draw him to her across the gulf. Then a strange horror fell upon him, and he made the sign of the cross, and lo! instead of the maiden, there was nothing but a wreath of white mist gliding slowly away."

"Like a newspaper advertisement," said I, "'*missed* from her home!'"

"Three days later," resumed the veteran, lowering his voice to a ghostly whisper, "he met the wolf again near this spot, and muttering a prayer, flung his spear with all his force. Down fell the wolf; but when he came to the place where it had fallen, there lay the beautiful witch-maiden stone-dead, pierced to the heart."

"Surely you don't believe all that, Uncle Halwar?"

However superstitious a man may be, he will never own it; so Halwar stoutly replied: "Of course not. I'd like to see a ghost that could frighten *me*. Heaven have mercy! what's that?"

And really, for a man whom no ghost could frighten, Halwar *did* look rather scared as we all saw plainly, a little way ahead, a *snow-white female figure* standing with outstretched arms on the brink of a crevasse, just as the old man's grim legend had described her!

For a moment I felt somewhat "queer" myself; but such phantoms had often encountered me in the Caucasus and the Himalaya, and I instantly guessed what it must be. Seizing a heavy lump of ice, I flung it with all my force at the spectre. At once the ghostly figure melted into a cloud of thin white spray, and on the spot where it had been stood a huge fantastic mass of black volcanic rock, which, covered with drifted snow, and seen beneath the deceitful light of the midnight sun, had represented very fairly, with its upright slab and cloven top, the shrouded figure and uplifted arms of the ghost.

"There's your 'snow-white witch-maiden,' Halwar," said I, "and your floating wreath of white mist into the bargain; and it strikes me that this is the best way to demolish all bogies, real or visionary."

FROM BIRTH TO THE GRAVE

We carry with us certain physical traits, as we do certain mental characteristics, insomuch that psychologists have striven to designate by generic titles certain temperaments—as the bilious, the nervous, the lymphatic. The individual with a sallow complexion is set down as bilious, often rightly so. If the saffron in the hue of his skin is traceable to bile in the blood, its presence in the wrong place, instead of the liver, will also be evinced by fur on the tongue, pain beneath the right ribs and through the right shoulder-blade, sick headache, constipation, flatulence, and indigestion. For the relief of this very common, but not essentially perilous complaint, there is no more genial and thorough remedy than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also a beneficent tonic and strength-promoter, and a widely esteemed remedy for and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.—[*Adv.*]

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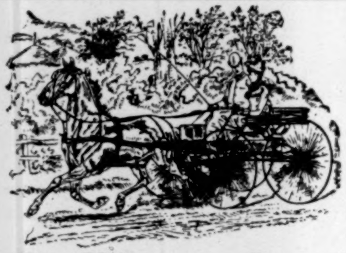

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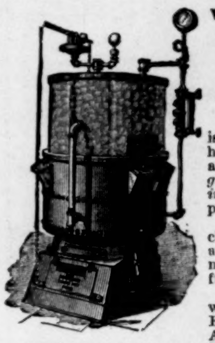

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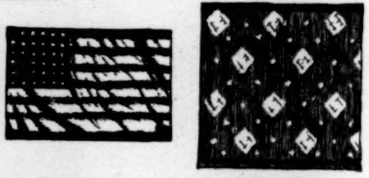

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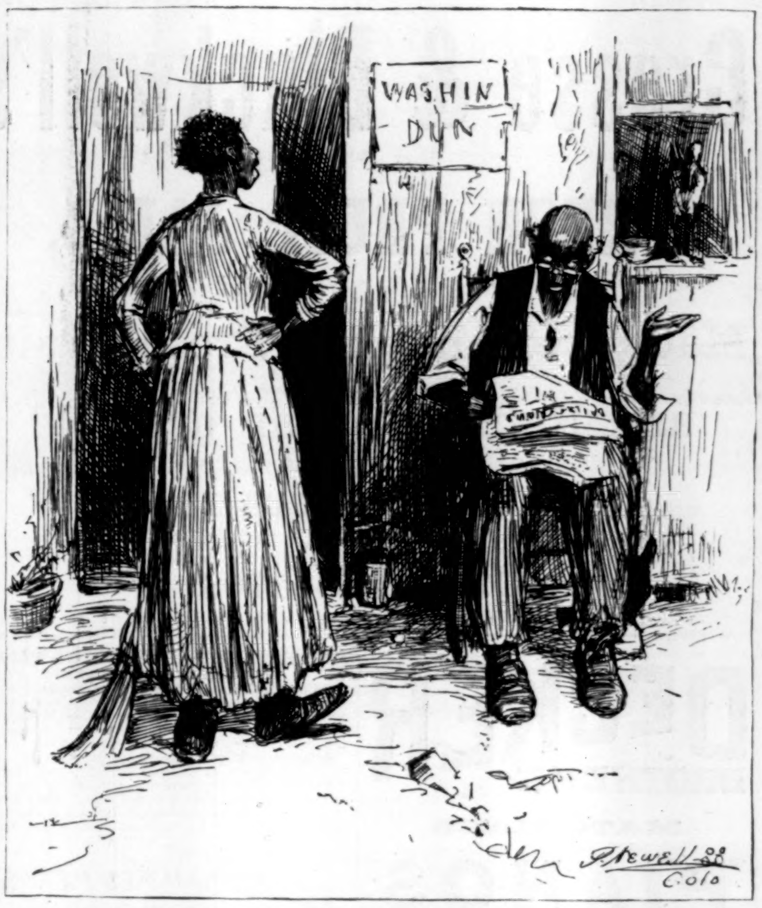

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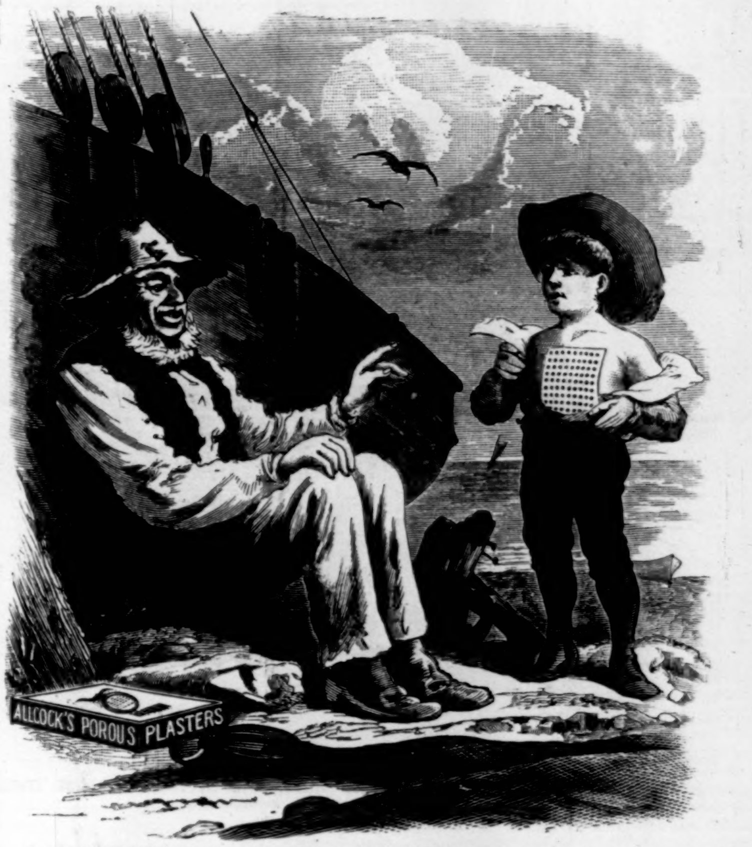

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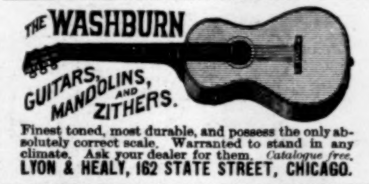

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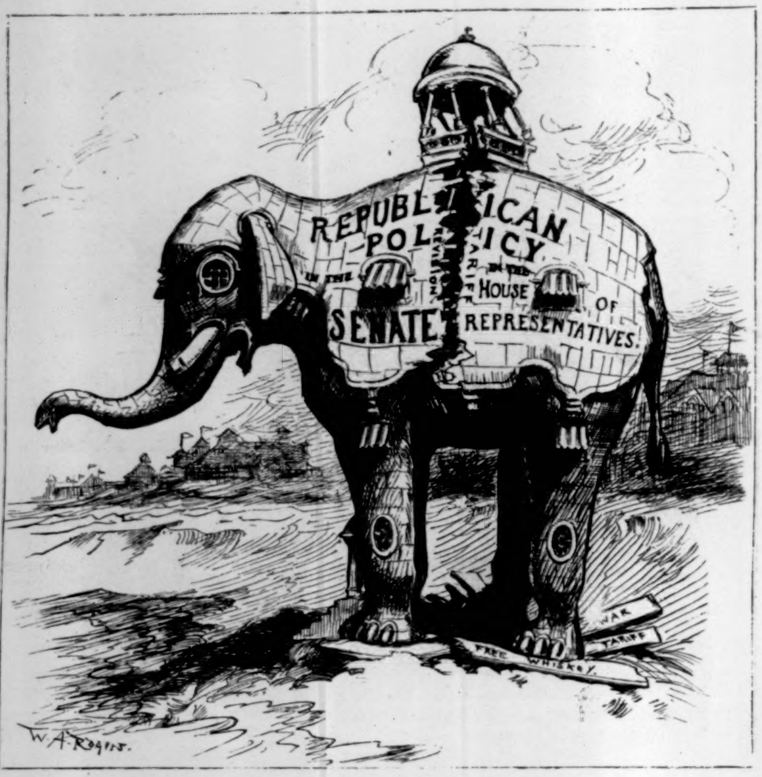

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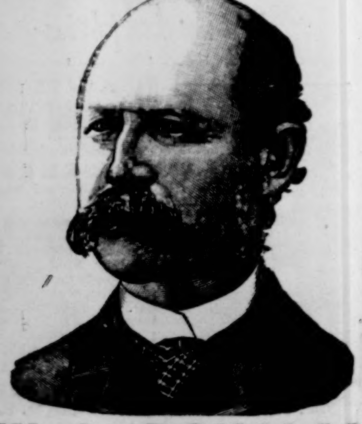

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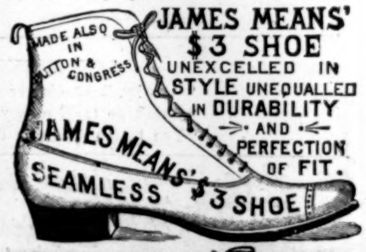
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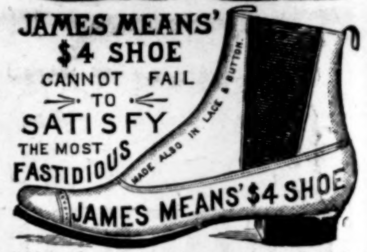
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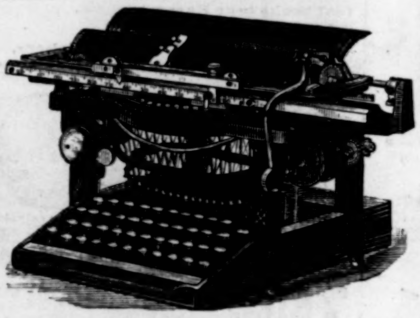

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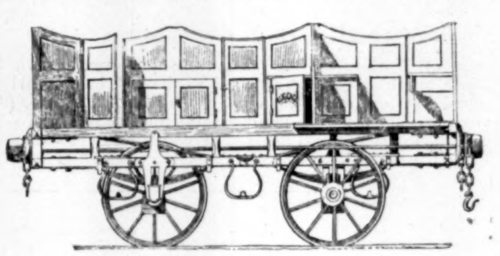
THE EVOLUTION OF THE RAILWAY PASSENGER CAR.

By J. E. WATKINS, Department of Transportation United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.

Historical.—Early in the century public-minded citizens became interested in projecting lines of communication between different portions of the United States. **Oliver Evans** and a dozen others were busy in projecting what steam was going to do for the advancement of the world when the dream of **Cugnot**, **Murdock**, and **Trevithick** was to be realized in the construction of a successful locomotive steam-engine. In 1808 the Legislature of the State of New York began to pass enactments which finally culminated in the construction of the Erie Canal, which was to connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic seaboard. The public discussion in the newspapers between the friends of the canal and those who believed that the railway would be better led **John Stevens** to publish a pamphlet in 1812, in which he set forth "the advantages of a railway over canal communication," and in which he predicted that passengers might be carried by cars propelled by steam at a speed of one hundred miles per hour on the railway. **Benjamin Dearborn**, of Boston, as early as 1819, memorialized Congress in regard to "a mode of propelling wheel-carriages" for "conveying mails and passengers with such celerity as has never before been accomplished, and with complete security from robbery on the highway," by "carriages propelled by steam on level railroads, furnished with accommodations for passengers to take their meals and their rest during the passage, as in packet; and that they be sufficiently high for persons to walk in without stooping." An unappreciative Congress, however, failed to call this memorial from the committee to which it was referred. During the next few years, while much was said, little appears to have been done toward crystallizing the numerous schemes proposed by many other citizens in various parts of the country. During the decade beginning with the year 1825, when the Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Internal Improvement sent **William Strickland** abroad to report upon the railways of England, many American engineers visited foreign countries to examine the experimental locomotives that had been built, and to examine the few mine railways which at that time existed. The pioneer American railway projectors were eagerly watching every movement of their English cousins across the sea in their attempts to solve the problem of intercommunication by steam, which was destined to revolutionize the mode of travel the world over, and to add materially to the progressive development of every civilized nation. The success of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in England (opened in 1825) gave great stimulus to the projection of railways in America, and many native inventors began constructing experimental steam conveyances. Both in this country and there, however, the farmers, teamsters, and stage proprietors and innkeepers, together with all who were interested in horses, were prejudiced against the introduction of the steam-carriage. They felt that if the dreams of the inventors were realized there would be little demand for horse-power; and the prospect of having no use for their horses and wagons, and the consequent decrease in the consumption of hay and corn, led the farming community to leave no stone unturned in their abuse of the (then balky) iron horse; and this feeling existed as late as 1830.



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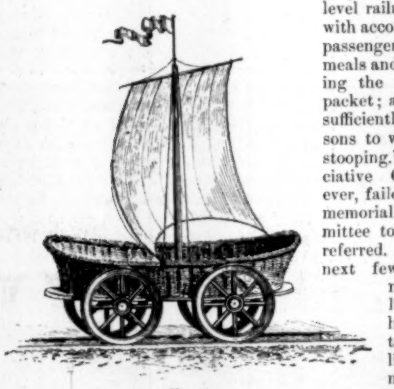


Fig. 3.

With the exception of **Thomas Leipas**'s short tramway to Crum Creek, in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, and the short tramway from the granite quarries at Quincy, Massachusetts, to the Neponset River, built in 1826, the coal-road, nine miles long, built from the coal mines near Mauch Chunk to the Lehigh River, which was opened in 1827, was the earliest attempt at building a railway for commercial purposes in America. Its peculiar (at that time) construction was alluded to by the English writers on engineering subjects, and formed the basis of calculation in their investigations of the merits of the American railway as compared with the systems adopted by the English railway constructors. The Delaware and Hudson Company's road was built in 1828 from Carbondale to Honesdale, in Pennsylvania, the wooden rail plated with strap-iron being placed on wooden trestles where grading was necessary. This road was also constructed for the transportation of coal. On July 4, 1828, the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid with much ceremony, the venerable **Charles Carroll** of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, officiating at the exercises, which were held at Baltimore. This was probably the first railway designed for general freight and passenger traffic placed under contract. Shortly afterward work began on the Mohawk and Hudson Railway from Albany to Schenectady, which was designed to be operated by horse-power and inclined planes with stationary engines. Early in the winter of 1829 (it must be remembered that only one steam-ship had crossed the Atlantic, and the electric telegraph was unborn) the news of **Stephenson**'s success on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway reached America. From this time forward, although horse tread-mills and other locomotives were experimented with in America, no doubt existed in the minds of progressive railway projectors in regard to the final introduction of the steam locomotive upon the roads which were being rapidly constructed in almost every State. The popular tradition that many of the important roads constructed after January, 1830, were built to be operated by horse-power originated in the fact that the roads were constructed more rapidly than locomotives could be supplied, and were consequently worked temporarily by horse-power for the first few months. In the Southern States the South Carolina Company were at work in constructing the road, built on posts and timbers where grading was necessary, from Charleston to Augusta, which, when completed in 1832, was the longest railway in the world, being the first hundred miles of track owned by one company, and from the first designed to be operated by the steam locomotive. The Baltimore and Ohio and the New Castle and Frenchtown roads were also in course of construction, and the projectors of the Camden and Amboy Company were waiting for their charter to begin work. The outlook for railways appeared so promising to capitalists that before the close of the year 1831 the Legislatures of many different States had passed legal enactments for the construction of railways within their borders, often designed to form a link in a grand chain of intercommunication to connect with the railways of the neighboring commonwealths.

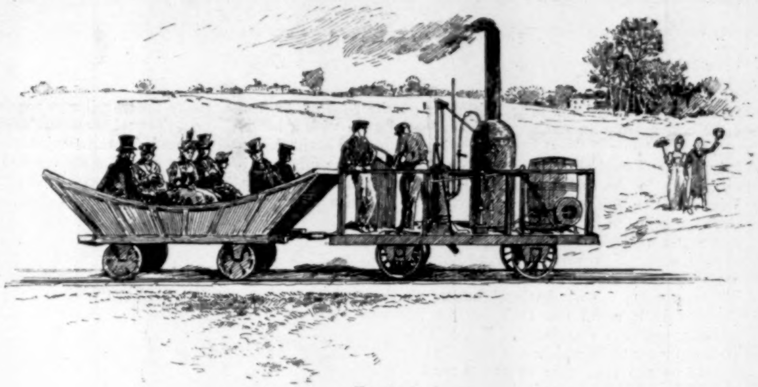
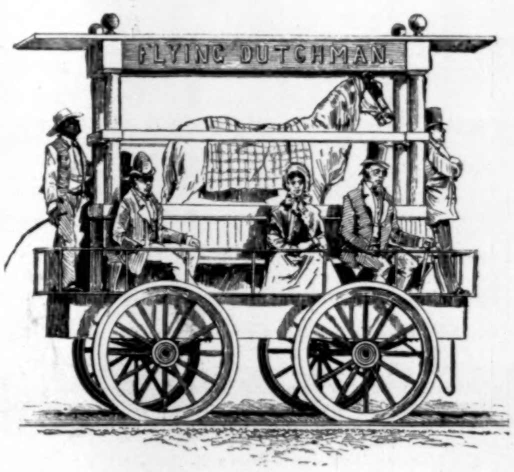


Fig. 2.



FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Fig. 5.

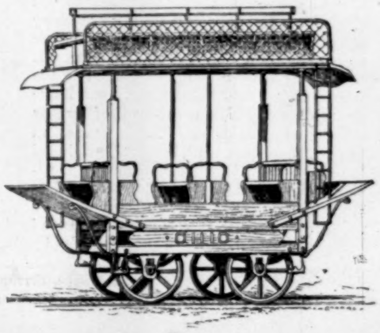


Fig. 4.

The Four-wheel Car.—The early American car-builders patterned largely after the plans adopted on the English railways, wheelwrights and carriage-makers being employed on their construction. The locomotive mechanics as well as the car-builders labored here and there under the fallacy, that the equipment and rolling stock should be as light as possible, to avoid wear and tear on the track, so that the early "passenger carriages," as they are still called in England, either had no covering at all, or else had a very light top of canvas or leather, similar to the road-wagon or stage-coach. Fig. 1 is said to be the first carriage constructed exclusively for passenger traffic in the world. It was designed by **George Stephenson** for the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1825. Cars of this character were in use several years after that road was opened, especially in the summer season. With our changeable climate the covered carriage came into use very early. In fact, few cars without tops were used on American railroads, and these were principally construction cars temporarily fitted up for carrying passengers on partly completed roads. Fig. 2 is the passenger car that was held by **Peter Cooper**'s experimental locomotive "Tom Thumb," with its tubular boiler built of gun-barrels, which was tried on the Balti-

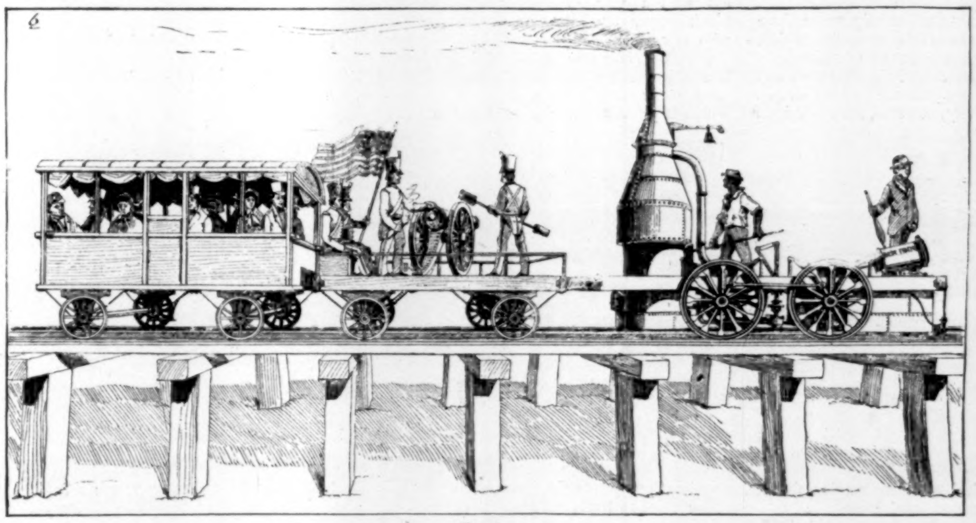


Fig. 6

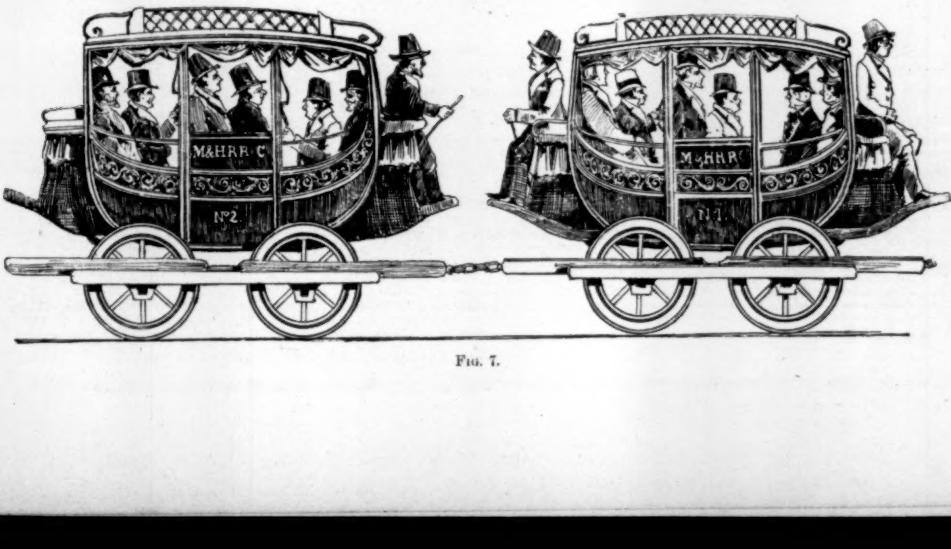


Fig. 7.

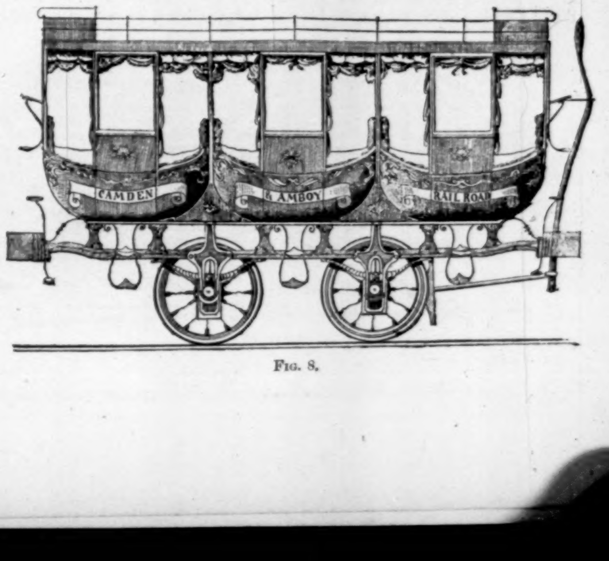


Fig. 8.

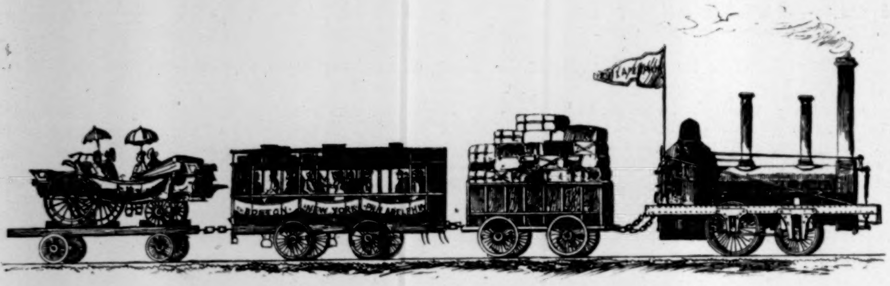


Fig. 8 A.

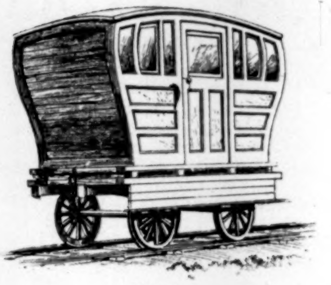


Fig. 9.

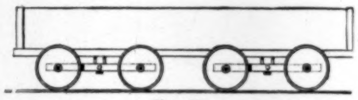


Fig. 10.

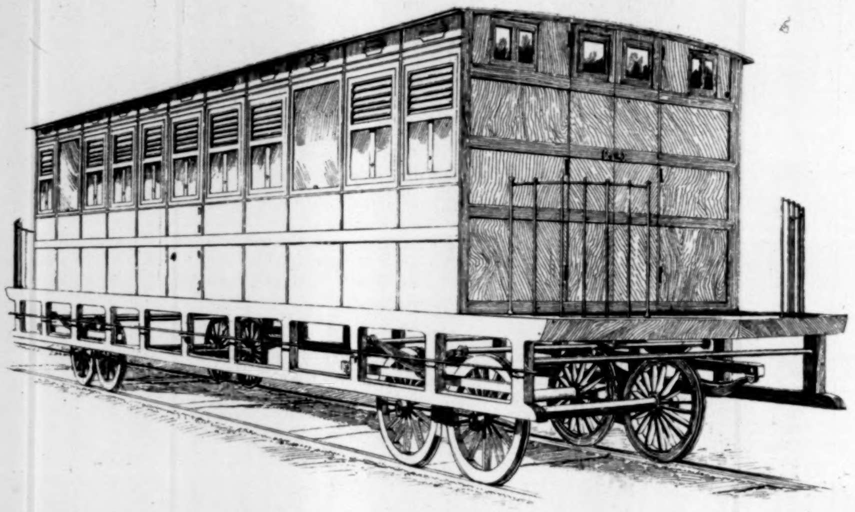


Fig. 11.

more and Ohio Railroad near Baltimore, on the 28th of August, 1830, when, after an exciting and successful race with a horse-car, the efficiency of the steam locomotive was proved to the doubting Maryland capitalists, and the iron pony-colt came off victorious, much to the satisfaction of Peter Cooper and other projectors of the Baltimore and Ohio road, the fate of which at that time hung in the balance. Fig. 3 is a sail-car that was designed by an ingenious mechanic, and which was also experimented with on that road. This car made rapid progress when the wind was right; as unfortunately it could not tack against the wind, it was soon abandoned. Fig. 4 is the passenger car Ohio, which was propelled by horses on the Baltimore and Ohio road in September, 1830. It had three seats for twelve inside, one seat for three behind, and three could sit in front beside the driver. Passengers could climb to the top by a light ladder, and could occupy the two longitudinal sofas back to back along the centre of the top, and were protected from falling off by a wire railing along the side of the carriage. Sail-cars were also experimented with on the South Carolina Railroad, whose projectors had so little faith in the success of the locomotive in 1829 that they offered a prize of $500 for the best horse-motor car that could be designed. The "Flying Dutchman" (see Fig. 5) won the prize. It was simply a horse tread-mill geared to the axles. It was very successful, as one horse was able to propel a car-load of twenty passengers at a speed of twelve miles an hour. The management, however, concluded to use the steam locomotive, through the advice of Horatio Allen, who had been to England and examined the steam locomotive. Mr. Allen is still alive, enjoying a merited retirement at his home in South Orange, N. J., after a successful career as an engineer and railway pioneer. About him much interest centres in connection with the "Stourbridge Lion," the first locomotive that turned a driver (in August, 1829) on a railway built for traffic on the Western Continent. Although over eighty years of age, Mr. Allen recently wrote these words to be attached to the full-size model of this locomotive, which, after having been exhibited in the parade at the Constitutional celebration at Philadelphia in September last, the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have generously presented to the United States National Museum. Unfortunately, however, the track upon which this locomotive ran was so faulty in construction that no further use of it was made, and it never hauled a car.

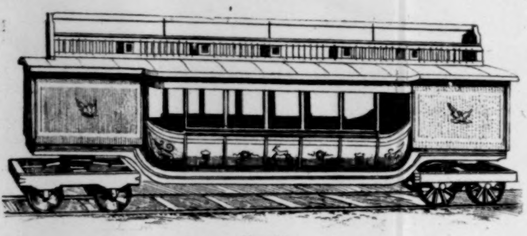


Fig. 12.

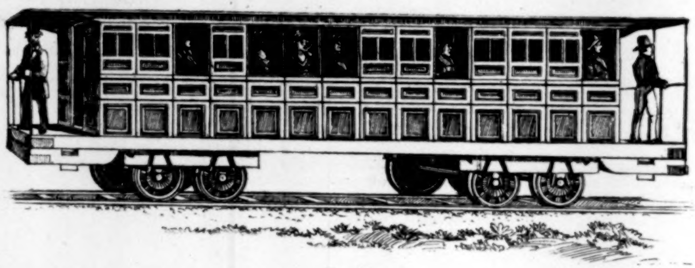


Fig. 13.

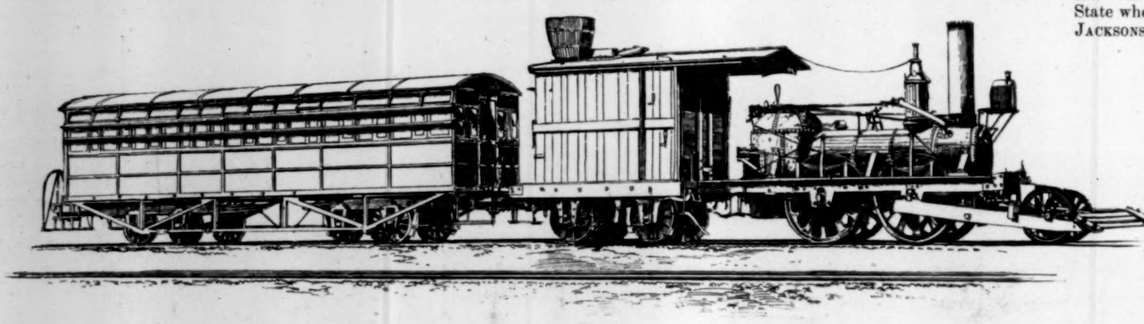


Fig. 14.

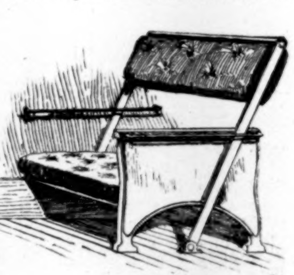


Fig. 15.

Fig. 6 shows "The Best Friend," the first locomotive built for actual service in America, hauling the first excursion train on the South Carolina Railroad, on the 15th of January, 1831, when with bunting, banqueting, and booming cannon what was to be the longest railroad in the world was opened for traffic.

American railway managers soon began to pay attention to the comfort of their patrons. After the experiences of a quarter of a century, steam-boat-builders had learned how to make the traveller so comfortable on water craft that he soon expected equal accommodation and comforts *when compelled* to travel by land, for railway journeys were seldom taken when the steam-boats could be substituted for the cars. At first handsome upholstery and decorated running-gear, where the traffic warranted it, or when there was serious competition by boat or stage lines, became the requisites that were observed in the construction of passenger equipment on the better roads, while on some of the poorer the box cars, with wooden benches, carried the weary traveller on his way. The Albany and Schenectady and the Camden and Amboy companies used a vehicle which resembled a stage-coach body, and which was mounted on wooden wheels with flanged iron tires, divided into compartments arranged like the French "diligence," the seats being numbered and "secured" in advance, as had been the custom on the stage line.

Fig. 7 is an engine and cars from a silhouette, generally *but erroneously* known as the first railway train in America, although it ran nearly a year after Peter Cooper's train with the "Tom Thumb" won the race with the horse-car on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and six months after "The Best Friend" ran the excursion train at the opening of the South Carolina road. The original was cut with a pair of scissors out of black paper by William H. Brown, who saw the train, and who, in 1874, published the book *The First Locomotives in America*, which has done so much to assist in correcting inaccuracies which have crept into print in regard to the early railway history of the country. The silhouette, which is preserved in the collection of the Connecticut Historical Society, represents the locomotive "De Witt Clinton," built near New York in 1831, with two of the cars of the train that ran on the formal opening of the Mohawk and Hudson road (the first link in the great New York Central system) on the fifth day of July, 1831. Erastus Corning, Governor Yeates, and Thurlow Weed were among the passengers on that memorable occasion.

Fig. 8 is a car constructed by M. P. and M. E. Green, of Hoboken, N. J., in 1831, for the Camden and Amboy Railroad; the illustration is copied from the original drawing in the Section of Transportation and Engineering in the United States National Museum at Washington. At first these cars were drawn by horses, and each car was arranged so that the brake could be moved from one end to the other at the will of the driver (the turn-table had not come into use then), who sat in a high seat, with the baggage behind him, and drove his horses at breakneck speed, the relays being about eight or ten miles apart between Bordentown and South Amboy, thirty-five miles. This was the central link in the chain of travel first operated by steam between Philadelphia and New York. In those days the passenger took the steam-boat at the old Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, making the trip of twenty-seven miles to Bordentown in about three hours. Then came the thirty-five mile drive across the State of New Jersey, consuming four hours more, including a few minutes' stop for a horn of "apple-jack" or "peach and honey" where the horses were changed; the trip up the North River from South Amboy to the Battery in New York city consuming two hours or more. Ten hours from city to city was considered fast time and first-class accommodation by the travellers on this line, who more than half a century ago had already begun to talk of the slow stage-coach days when it took from 4 A.M. to 7 at night to *stage* it from city to city. It was with a train or two of these cars, hauled by the historic locomotive "John Bull,"* with a construction car as a tender, and an apple-whiskey barrel for a water-tank, and with Isaac Dripps (now residing in West Philadelphia) at the throttle, that Robert L. and Edwin A. Stevens exhibited to the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, on the twelfth day of November, 1831, the kind of conveyance they intended to use, if the authorities of the State should see fit to give them the "exclusive privileges" of a railway across the State—exculsive privileges which they enjoyed until a few years ago, when the New Jersey General Railroad Act was passed to satisfy the clamor against monopoly in the State where the Stocktons and the Stevenses, the Thomsons, the Jacksons, and the Cooks, were the powers behind the throne for so many years; a fact which led a statesman of national reputation to dub New Jersey "The State of Camden and Amboy."

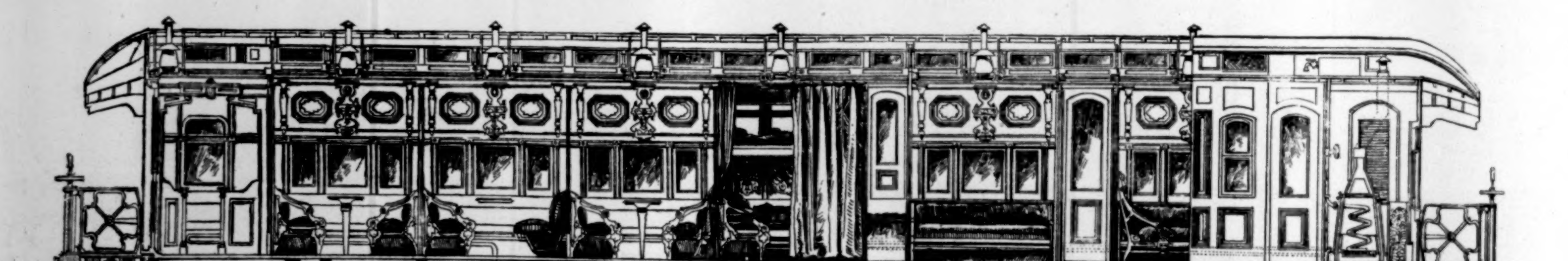


Fig. 16.

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* Deposited in the United States National Museum by the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1885, having been last under steam at the Chicago Exposition of 1883.

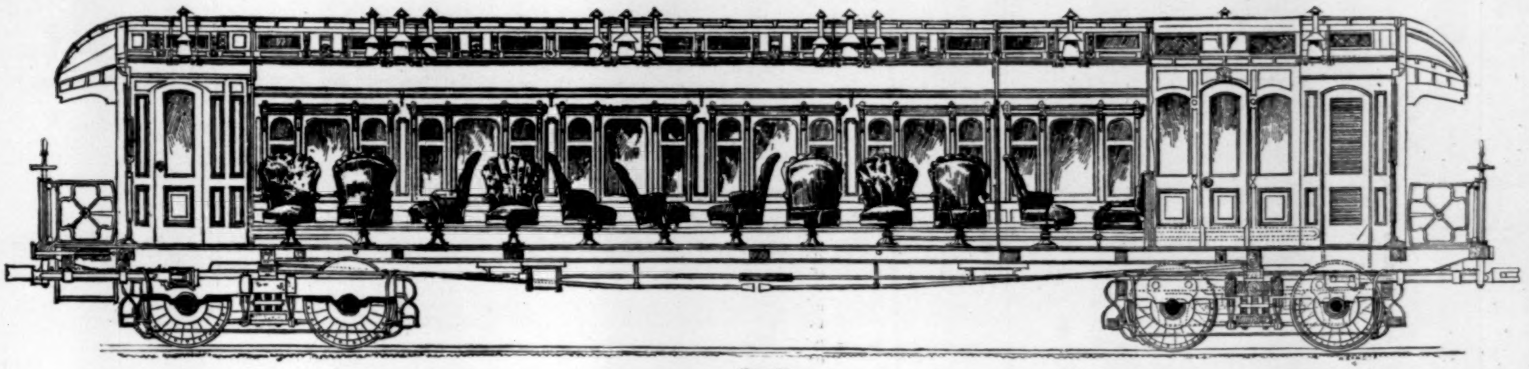

FIG. 19.

Fig. 8 A is a duplicate of a cut of a train which for some months in 1832 ornamented the first page of the *Railroad Journal*—the first publication in America exclusively devoted to the discussion of subjects connected with the construction, equipment, and management of American railroads.

The car immediately behind the locomotive is laden with wool, so that the sparks from the wood fire may do no damage.

The three-bodied passenger car doubtless contains half a dozen politicians, discussing the question as to whether **JACKSON**, **CLAY**, or **WIRT** would be elected President in November. Perhaps the passenger whose glory it is to take a "straw vote" in all public places, and publish the result (if favorable) in the party organ, is also there to bore his fellows with the statistics of former efforts in this direction.

"The rich who ride in chaises" seem very comfortable as they glide along, occupying the family carriage, which in those days was much more comfortable than the passenger car, with its straight-back seats. The "horse-box," with room for two horses, the groom, and one carriage, is quite an institution, even in these days, on English trains; and many of the American *bon-ton* take their horses and carriages on the same train with them from New York and Philadelphia to Long Branch and other fashionable resorts, the cost for putting a "horse and carriage car" on an express train amounting to twenty or thirty single passenger fares.

Fig. 9 illustrates a small railway car built in England in 1838 for the Albion Railroad in Nova Scotia. It ran on a mine railroad for several years. As it was designed to hold only four passengers, it was considered a great curiosity at the Chicago Exposition of 1883, where it stood coupled to the old locomotive "Samson."

These early types of passenger cars were soon to disappear. The short curves on our American roads compelled the abandonment of the four-wheeled car with rigid axles at a very early day; and with the introduction of the "bogie," or truck, came the lengthening of the car body, with the aisle in the centre—first with seats along the sides, as in the present street-car, and then with seats (for two occupants in each) at right angles to the sides of the car.

The bogie was first put into *general* use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is generally regarded as an American invention. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find that this idea was anticipated by English engineers as early at least as 1827, the date of a treatise on the railroad by **THOMAS TREDGOLD**, in which the cut (see Fig. 10) appears, accompanied by the following description:

"Fig. 26. A diagram to shew how a waggon may be made with 8 wheels, so that the stress of each wheel on the rails of a rail-road may be equal. The body of the waggon rests on the wheel frames at A. A., and is connected to them by an axis on which the frames turn when, from any inequality, the axes of the wheels are not in the same plane."

I have never been able, however, to find any record of the bogie having been used on any English locomotive or railway carriage prior to 1860.

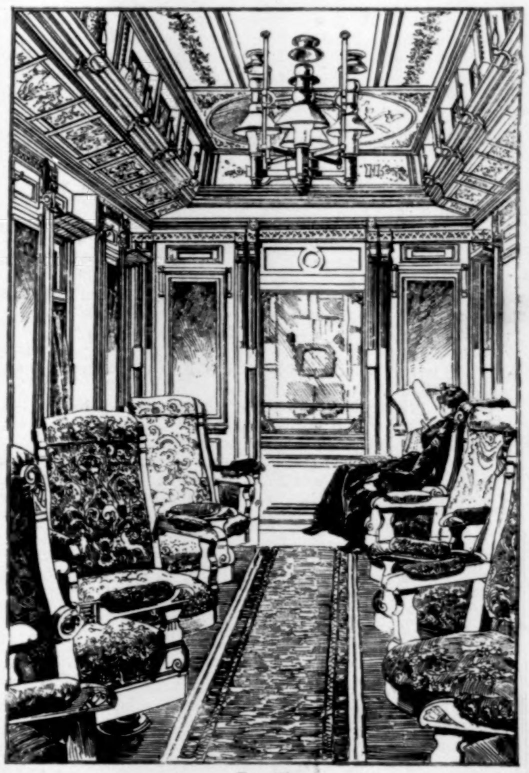

FIG. 17.

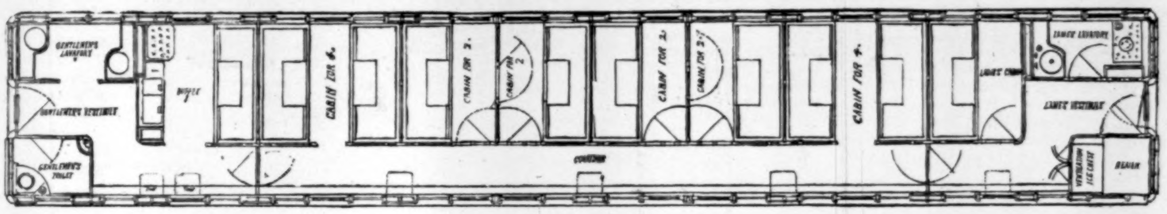

FIG. 18.

Fig. 11 is a bogie car with aisles, used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1835. The boxes in which the axles ran were invented and patented by Ross **WINANS**; indeed, I believe the whole arrangement of the truck was covered by letters patent. The arrangement was particularly adapted to the short curves on the Baltimore and Ohio road, and the invention, which was speedily adopted by all the American railroads, brought great pecuniary profit to the inventors.

Fig. 12 is claimed to be the first car constructed with a "monitor," or raised roof, with ventilators, giving more head-room for the passengers, and built with a view to bringing the centre of gravity as near the ground as possible. This car was called the "Victory," and was built under a patent granted to **RICHARD IMLAY**, and was put in service on the Philadelphia and Germantown Railroad in 1836. We copy the following description from the pamphlet *The Modern Railway Car*, published by the Chicago Railway Age in 1883:

"It was an eight-wheel car, and consisted of a coach body dropped between the trucks, with a compartment at each end over the trucks. One of these compartments represents a water-closet and toilet, while at the other end of the car we find what was evidently intended for a bar. The centre of the roof is raised, and runs from end to end of the entire car. The raised part is divided down the centre, so as to provide a back-rest for two rows of passengers sitting back to back, and facing outwardly. The seats in the main body of the car were placed around the sides (omnibus style), and the door was in the side."

Fig. 13 is a reproduction from a wood-cut used to adorn the schedule of freight and fare when the State authorities ran the Michigan Central Railroad in 1844. The window-sash is let down in several instances to give ventilation to the lady passengers, who, then as now, often forget that those in front or behind them are incommoded by the draft. Perhaps if we could let down the remaining windows we could detect the scowling faces of those who did not care to have a fresh supply of Michigan ozone and cinders poured down their backs. From the position of two of the passengers it is evident that the notice "Passengers must keep off the platform while the train is in motion" had not yet been issued from the general manager's office.

Fig. 14 shows the cars in use on the Camden and Amboy Railroad in 1845.

The six-wheel trucks were used on this road for twenty-five years. The cars were heated with wood stoves; the glass sash was stationary, and a wooden panelled window could be raised a few inches by the passenger who was not afraid of sparks from the wood-burning locomotive, or of the Jersey sand which in dry seasons filled the cars. The truss-bracing beneath the car body was a novelty in its way. It was a train of these cars that was wrecked in 1855, near Burlington, N. J., causing the death and injury of many passengers. So horror-stricken was the public at this first terrible railway accident in America that new regulations in regard to the backing of trains, signalling, etc., were adopted on every railroad in the Union. The Rev. Dr. **BOARDMAN**, a celebrated Philadelphia divine, preached a sermon, and the "Burlington accident" has been remembered and talked of for years by those who were in the railway service.

ANDY QUINTIN, the old Trenton conductor (still alive), whose "Tickets, please," said on the Trenton line, gave him a reputation that frequently caused his name to be put in print, well remembers all the circumstances connected with it. There are many still alive who will remember when "the Cape May Express" was made up of cars similar to this, with high platforms and no steps, and a long canvas "apron" extending below the car bodies, buckled together between the cars, and making a long funnel through which the sand poured like a cyclone when a train was running at full speed, and when Conductor **HARRY MULLINER** wore a duster from his neck to his heels when he came through the train at frequent intervals (for there were few express trains twenty years ago) to collect the fares.

Car Seats.—Beginning with the plain wooden board, with the "hard side up," railroad upholsterers experimented for years with scores of fabrics before they settled down to the use of plush, which is now in general use. Oil-cloth and leather were tried, but, while clean, they were cold in winter, and the passenger found it difficult to maintain an upright position around curves and on the sudden stopping of the train. Carpet and cloth, cane, and split or perforated wood, also had their adherents, but were not suitable. Seats were stuffed with tow, straw, wood shavings, and excelsior in vain until the spring was perfected and covered with hair and plush to make a comfortable place for the American traveller to recline while he takes his siesta at fifty miles an hour.

The arrangement of the American car, and the dislike of our countrymen (which is not shared by foreigners) to ride backward, soon made it necessary for car-builders to design a reversible seat, and many trials were made before the appliances now in use were

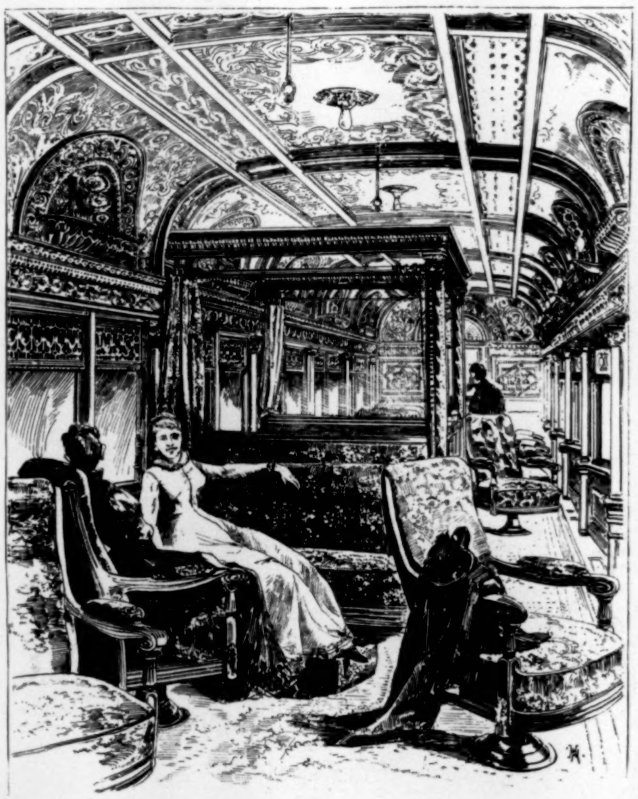

FIG. 20.

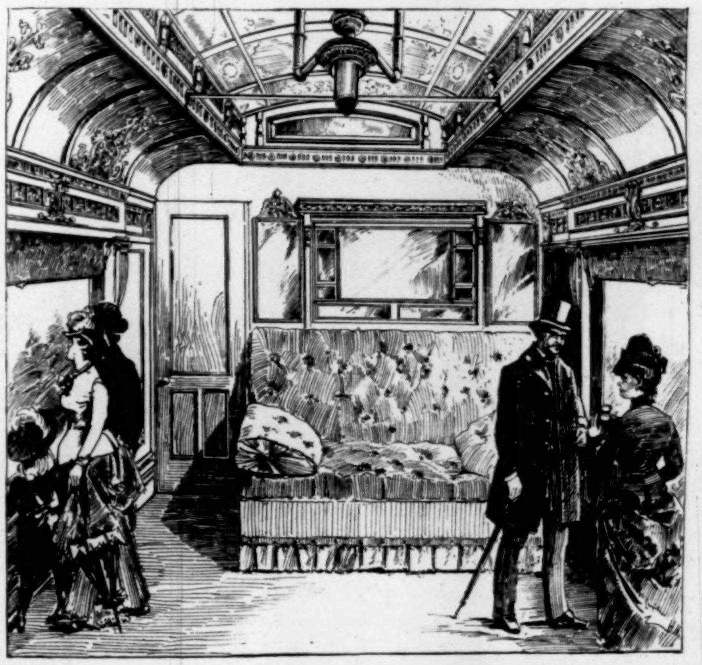

FIG. 21.